"MODERN MAN," MARCH 8th, 1913.

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Modern Man

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER OF GENERAL INTEREST.

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SEASONABLE.

Modern Man

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PLAIN SPEAKING.

The Editor will be pleased to receive from readers in any part of the country information regarding local affairs and matters of topical interest, suitable to deal with under this heading.

With newspaper cuttings the title heading of the paper must be sent, and where written matter is forwarded it must be accompanied by proof that it is authentic.

The Editor will also be pleased to consider topical illustrations.

THE KAISER'S DAUGHTER TO BECOME "QUEEN OF HANOVER."

The Romantic Secret Underlying the German Betrothal.

It is safe to say there never was a Royal betrothal which had so fascinating a secret underlying it as that of the Kaiser's only daughter and Prince Ernest of Cumberland. It is nothing less than the intention of William II. that his daughter shall be a reigning Queen. And the way this is to be done is as follows:—

Prince Ernest of Cumberland, the *fiancé*, is (after his father) the only descendant of our King George the Third in the direct male line. (All our own Royalties are, of course, the descendants of Queen Victoria). The Royal *fiancé's* father is the Duke of Cumberland, whose father was the blind King George V. of Hanover. In the year 1866 Prussia went to war with Austria and the German Confederation. Prussia triumphed, and as the King of Hanover had sided with Austria, the then Kaiser transferred the Hanoverian dominions to himself, and sent the Royal Family of Hanover into exile which has lasted to this day. The King of Hanover formally protested against his deposition before all the Courts of Europe; but, as Hanover had formerly been part of the Prussian dominions, Old King George got no sympathy, and Prussia merely "came into its own" again. Prussia offered King George the handsome sum of £80,000 a year as compensation for his lost crown and dominions, providing that he recognised his own deposition. This, however, he refused to do, and his son, the father of the Princess Louise's future husband, has also refused to acknowledge that he is no longer *de jure* King of Hanover.

Three Millions Sterling and a Crown!

It therefore lies within the power of the Kaiser to restore to the Cumberland family their lost crown, and this it is the secret intention of the Kaiser to do. His only daughter will, therefore, become Queen of Hanover. And, what is more, her husband will come into the three millions sterling which have lain dormant (and always growing mightily) in the banks of Berlin which the Duke of Cumberland has always refused to touch unless his country is restored to him. By the happy *rapprôchement*, which is to end in wedding bells in October, two important Royal houses will be united once more, and everybody connected with the two principals will be immensely the richer. The history of Hanover is peculiarly interesting to Britishers, as there are still many old [people] living who can remember the time when Hanover was [a] part of the British Empire. Our first Hanoverian monarch was the Elector of Hanover, and his descendants, our [first] three Georges, continued to be Kings in Hanover as well as in England. But when Queen Victoria came to the throne Hanover had to have a new monarch, as a woman cannot reign there.

Princess Louise's Descendants may be Kings of England.

Consequently the Queen's uncle, the Duke of Cumberland, went over to Hanover and reigned as King Ernest Augustus. That was in 1837. King Ernest Augustus married a Princess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, and they had a son, who reigned for fifteen years as King George V. He was the King of Hanover who was deposed by the present Kaiser's grandfather. During his reign the prosperity of Hanover was greatly promoted by the establishment of docks and harbours at Harburg, Geestemunde, Emden, Leer, Papenburg, and by the construction of numerous roads and railways. During our war in the Crimea, King George, who was by this time blind, refused to allow soldiers to be recruited for the army of England in his dominions, for he never was any friend to this country, albeit he was the grandson of our King George III. But the extraordinary fact remains that his descendant, Prince Ernest of Cumberland, is, after his father, the only representative in the male line of all our ancient Kings of England, France, Scotland, Ireland, Wales and India, and should the line of Queen Victoria ever cease to exist—which is by no means unlikely in the course of a century or so—the Kaiser's daughter's descendants would become the Kings of England.

Abortive Scheme for Celebrating the Queen-Mother's 50th Anniversary in England.

There was a funny incident at the meeting in camera of the City Corporation the other day, which was held to decide upon a suitable commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of Queen Alexandra's arrival in England. As is well known in the Court, our Royalties have a violent objection to statues being erected in their honour during their life-time, but one gentleman who plays a big part in City affairs was not aware of this, and for weeks he has been secretly engaged in preparing a scheme for the erection of a statue to the Queen-Mother. To go down to posterity as the inspirer of this brilliant idea has for weeks obsessed his existence. It has become almost a mania with him, and his dearest friends have become "fed up" with the scheme.

But Sir William —— (the good man's loyal intentions preclude our further denoting him) was not to be put off. When he came down to the meeting full of his solution of the problem of the memorial, and when other schemes had been duly considered he prepared to propound his idea for a national statue. He had selected the site, the sculptor, the amount of be expended, and a delicious and fatuous speech full of flowery adulation of Queen Alexandra, was awaiting the moment of his life, when quite by chance a well-known official of the Corporation came into the room and spoke to him. With his hand to his mouth, Sir William gave to the ear of the official an outline of his proposed speech, when, to his dismay, the official replied "My dear, Sir William, the thing is simply impossible. Queen Alexandra would never forgive you. In Heaven's name drop the idea, before we are made laughing stocks."

Why No Statue to the Queen-Mother can be Proposed.

This was a blow to his scheme which the worthy knight had little anticipated. Nor would he take "No" for an answer, until he had been practically forced out of the room in order that the records of the Corporation could be turned up as proof of the impossibility of his scheme. It had to be proved to his satisfaction that such a statue as he desired to erect could never be proposed. The official, however, was successful in doing this. He found the record of the proposal of a Lord Mayor for a statue to King Edward's father, the Prince Consort. That distinguished prince was at the height of his popularity after the Great Exhibition in Hyde Park in 1851, and one way of celebrating his creation of the exhibition was the proposal of the Lord Mayor for a statue. But the Prince Consort would have none of it. He wrote to Lord Granville: "It would both disturb my quiet rides in Rotten Row to see my own face staring at me, and if (as is very likely) it became an artistic monstrosity, like most of our monuments, it would upset my equanimity to be permanently ridiculed and laughed at in effigy." Lord Granville, as was intended

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made his Royal Highness's feeling public, and the Lord Mayor was a crushed man. So we are unlikely to have a national statue to Queen Alexandra while she lives, though, doubtless, after her death London will have as fine and worthy a monument to her as the Prince Consort received in Kensington Gardens after his death. But Sir William is a sorely chastened man.

On the Footsteps of the Throne.

It is no exaggeration to say that there is a certain amount of jealousy amongst our noble families at the way the Hamiltons and Fitzmaurices are contriving to keep out of the entourage any but their own particular nominees. This feeling is not exactly a new one, but we are reminded of it by the appointment last week of Lord John Hamilton to the Deputy-Mastership of the King's Household. Lord John is the brother of the new Duke of Abercorn. Their late father was in the Court for many years as Groom of the Stole and Lord of the Bedchamber, and his wife, the recently-dowagered Duchess of Abercorn, was a sister of the first Earl Howe, a great courtier, whose grandson, the present Earl Howe, is Queen Alexandra's Lord Chamberlain. The Hamiltons of Abercorn are also represented at Court by the Marchioness of Lansdowne, the late Duke's sister, while her daughter, the Duchess of Devonshire, is, after the Queen, the first lady in the land, for she is Queen Mary's Mistress of the Robes, an office the late Duchess of Buccleuch, another sister of the late Duke of Abercorn, filled with such conspicuous success during the reign of Queen Victoria. To these two families are allied the Mintos, who have been upon the footsteps of the Throne throughout the last three reigns, and their union was consummated by the marriage of Lord Minto's daughter, Lady Violet Elliott, to Lady Lansdowne's son, Lord Charles Fitzmaurice, in Calcutta, in 1905.

Lady Antrim Grievously Annoyed with Sir Schomberg McDonnell.

Between them it is safe to say that the Hamiltons, Fitzmaurices and Mintos are the unofficial body-guard of the King and Queen. Allied with these distinguished folk are the Antrims, the Countess of Antrim having been very near to the heart of Queen Alexandra for many years. She is a sister of Lady Minto, who is even more important in this reign than in the last. The Antrim influence was, however, somewhat impaired by the enforced retirement of Sir Schomberg McDonnell a few months ago upon the discovery of his friendship for a well-known married lady, whose name need not be mentioned. Sir Schomberg is Lord Antrim's brother, and he owed his comfortable post as Chief of H.M.'s Office of Woods and Forests to his sister-in-law's influence; and Lady Antrim is extremely annoyed at Sir Schomberg, as it has not strengthened the Antrim position in Queen Alexandra's household. Sir Schomberg is now very sorry for himself. But at present there is no prospect that outside the Hamilton-Fitzmaurice-Grey coalition any new people will be admitted to the confidence of the King and Queen.

* * *

Trained Jurymen.

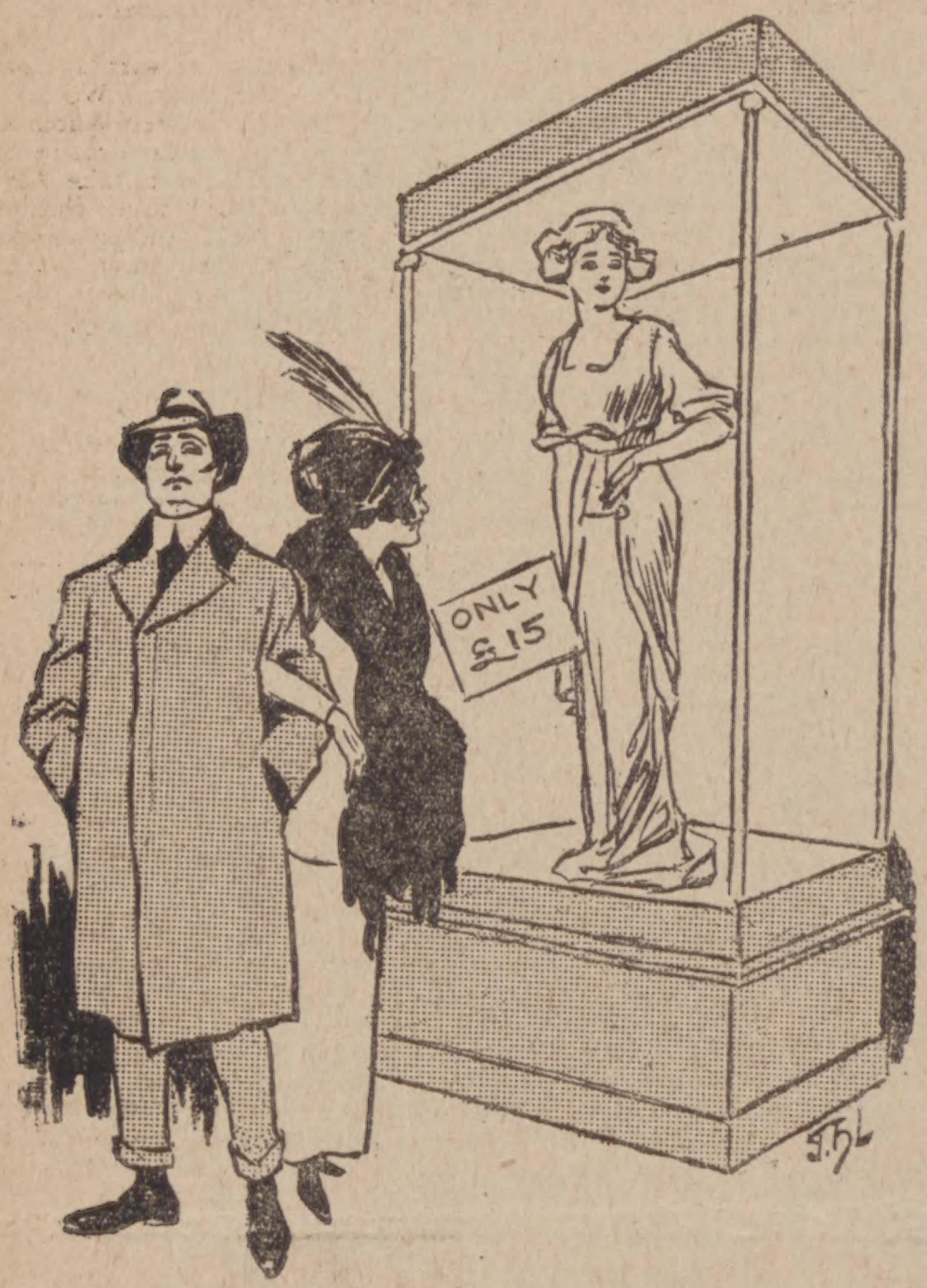
Not without good and repeated cause, there is a growing feeling that, for all the high falutin' things that have been said about it, our jury system is seriously at fault. The principle is all right in theory; but in practice it is responsible for frequent and obvious miscarriages of justice. Very few trained men are competent judges of evidence. Twelve or any other number of incompetent judges of evidence shoved in a box are swayed by the paid-for eloquence of special pleaders; their verdict is the verdict, not of their reason, but of their emotions—sometimes it is the verdict of their hurry or hunger. To say that, after all, they do what the Judge tells them, is to assert too much; for if the verdict is the Judge's verdict and the jury is only his mouthpiece, he might just as well deliver it without a jury at all. It is notorious that juries are empanelled anyhow, without any exercise of the principle of selection—"go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in."

What is wanted is a body of trained professional jurymen—experts. By the formation of such a class of specialists the principle of trial by jury would be preserved and its abuse prevented. If things go on as they are much longer, the principle itself may be endangered by popular and justified discontent with its working results.

TIME EVENS ALL THINGS.

City Man (whose runabout has been smashed): "What hit me?"
Farmer Giles: "No offence. I 'ope ye ain't hurted much. I think ye'll remember me as th' feller whose wagon ye busted a year ago, hey?"—*Puck.*

MORE TIME ALLOWED TO SEND IN COUPONS.



TRAVESTIED PLAY TITLE: "THE WOMAN IN THE CASE."

The first Harpenden cuckoo turned out to be a bricklayer's labourer. His whistling was meant for a lark.

* * *

The Limit of Endurance.

"This country is not in the mood to allow this intolerable condition of things to go on."

Thus spoke the Chairman of the Magistrates who committed for trial the Votes-for-Women leader, Mrs. Pankhurst. The remark sums up the situation in a single phrase. We have nothing to say here and now about the accused Mrs. Pankhurst, but we have something to say about the "intolerable condition of things." The Militant Suffragette party have touched "the limit"—the limit of national endurance. It is for the nation to see to it that they have reached another limit—the limit of violence, outrage, lawbreaking and law-defiance. If, in the exercise of their powers, the constituted authorities still hang back, they must be pushed on or pushed out.

We ourselves have no new point to make, no proposals to propound for the first time, for the attitude of *Modern Man* has been consistent from the beginning. New facts have only confirmed our convictions as to the one proper line of thought and one proper course of action. There is no such thing as political crime in English law. Magistrates and Judges know this, but act as though it were only a theory instead of a fact. This is the only hypothesis on which their muddle-headed decisions and preposterously lenient sentences can be accounted for. Something of the same foolishness frightens and unnerves the prison authorities.

By their deeds the perpetrators of suffragette atrocities place themselves among the riff-raff of rascality. If the country is to be saved from a reign of terror, the country must save itself from its "militant suffragettes." To this end the law must not know them as "militant suffragettes"—in court and in prison let them be recognised and treated for what they are—criminals of an especially dangerous and peculiarly repugnant type.

The public mind has not yet recovered equilibrium after the excitement of the White Slave agitation and the shocking revelations that led to the passing of the new Criminal Law Amendment Act. Though the keenest vigilance is imperative, the ready acceptance of every story of attempted or accomplished kidnapping, assault, and so on, is to be deprecated; for if we go on believing all we are likely to end in believing none. These girls and women with whom the bringing of accusations of a certain class is a mania, are occasionally and partly amenable to medical treatment.

No excuse or extenuation whatever is possible in the case of the girl of seventeen who the other day charged with abominable offences under the new Act two men proved to be entirely innocent of them. Concocting her disgusting story with the greatest circumstantiality and careful attention to detail. In discharging the accused "without a stain on their characters," the magistrate described their accuser as "a serious danger to society."

The process of prosecuting this creature and her like should be greatly simplified, and their punishment on conviction be made much heavier.

* * *

Professor's "Colour Scheme."

Professor Karl Pearson has been telling an interested audience at London University College that it is easy to get a man with white skin, blue eyes, and light hair from a black race, and showing a number of photographs of the albino children of black-skinned parents.

Professor Karl Pearson may say what he likes. When the black-haired husband sees a red-haired black-haired wife sees a red-haired "little stranger" in the cradle, he will continue to believe in a theory of his own, and come home earlier of a night.

* * *

The Rope's End.

Mr. Thomas Farrow points out that the Society for the Abolition of Capital Punishment is languishing. When he states that its last-published balance-sheet reports £11 4s. 3d. was its total of subscriptions and donations the year 1910, 16s. the revenue from its sale of literature and 4s. 11d. the amount collected at its annual meeting, of course he speaks with authority; but when he declares that "not a single voice . . . appears now to be raised against the infliction of capital punishment, he forgets the voice of *Modern Man*—surely loud enough for him to hear. We are uncompromising and consistent advocates of the rope's end—in the sense of ending the rope.

* * *

"Incorrigible Sentimentalism."

Dr. Inge, the "gloomy" Dean of St. Paul's, never seeks to tickle the ears of the groundlings. His pulpit utterances are seldom pleasing, but they are always thoughtful and frequently instructive. Preaching on Sunday at Westminster Abbey, he compelled attention to his theory that England of to-day is distrusted and suspected abroad because of the acts and attitude of the English of fifty or sixty years ago. On a similar line of thought, he traced the origin of many of our present social troubles to the sins of our fathers and grandfathers; we are expiating their faults rather than our own. But we in our turn were preparing a legacy of trouble for those who were to come after us. The modern Englishman had become an incorrigible sentimentalist, in religion, politics, charity and everything else. He was fast coming to think all punishment unjustifiable, and he shed maudlin tears over the criminal and the wastrel. Our philanthrophy, he complained, seemed to consist chiefly of giving everybody a good time so far as we could.

* * *

R.S.V.P.

Now we, like Dean Inge, deprecate and condemn the spirit of the ultra-sentimentalism of the age, but when he finds fault with a philanthropy the chief aim of which is to give everybody a good time as far as we can, we beg to ask in all gloominess what's the matter with that kind of philanthropy.

NOW'S THE TIME TO TEST TO THE FULL YOUR FOOTBALL SKILL.

The shower of Fellowships of the Royal Geographical Society continues to fall on the travelled and the untravelled. It will soon be a distinction not to be a Fellow. Among the last travellers to be elected a Fellow is ex-King Manoel of Portugal. "F.R.G.S." at one time meant something. It has now become a laughing-stock.

* * *

Discharged for Obedience.

The Midland Railway Company is hopelessly in the wrong. In standing by the printed official rules and regulations, Guard Richardson, far from being insubordinate or showing any spirit of insubordination, stood for discipline and authority, the principles of which are stultified if the published laws of directors are to be abrogated at the caprice of their own foremen. Had Guard Richardson (in a matter affecting the safety of passengers) chosen the easy alternative of doing the wrong thing he was wrongly bidden to do by word of mouth, he would have placed himself in the attitude and position of a soldier who, to obey a corporal, disobeys a Field Marshal; or of a sailor who, to obey a petty officer, flouts the command of an Admiral of the Fleet.

* * *

Hard-up for a Grievance.

The Stafford (St. James's Place) Hotel strikers last week, who included waiters and cooks, and numbered about forty, said that they struck as a protest against the food supplied to them. The management asserted that the food supplied to the employees was always the same as that supplied to the guests, no difference being made. As spokesman for the strikers, the secretary of the Hotel Workers' Union maintained that the assertion of the management was "only partially" correct. Food even "only partially" as liberal and as good as that which pleases the wealthy patrons of the Stafford Hotel in St. James's Place can't be very bad tackle. It is sad to think how distressingly hard up for trouble these hotel strikers must have been.

* * *

"Come to tea and bring a man" is the new form of invitation in London society. The newspaper that makes this announcement recently declared also that pet dogs were going out of fashion.

* * *

Nurse or Decoy?

The neat and attractive uniform of a "Nursing Sister" has long ceased to be a certificate of character, and a guarantee of good faith. Its misuse has now become a scandal, but one which it would be very easy to check if not to stop. Let all such uniforms, that of each hospital or other institutions, retaining its distinctive colour, or other differentiation, be officially registered, and provided with an authorised badge. Then put them under the same sort of protection as that which shields from abuse and insult the uniforms worn by soldiers and blue-jackets, which are not suffered to be brought into discredit.

* * *

Candidates for Ordination.

Are candidates for the Orders of the English Church put to anything like as stringent a test as to their fitness of character, as they ought to be put to? We think that they are not. If they were, we cannot believe that the world would be so often scandalised as it is by the doings, or misdoings, of "Reverend" cheats, humbugs, frauds, thieves, adulterers, hypocrites, and other specialists in villainy and blackguardism. Our theory is that the Rev. Albert Knights and the Rev. Herbert Josiah Greens are not so much "awful examples" of a "fall from grace" as born blighters on whom Orders should never have been bestowed. Such men don't really "fall" into moral muck—they belong there by nature, and their ascent above the muck has never been more than an appearance. Appearances are proverbially deceptive.

* * *

"Pictures" and Young Eyes.

The Manchester Watch Committee has done as many silly things in its time as any similar body anywhere. But it ha sat last done a wise one. It has decided to prohibit the admission to cinematograph exhibitions beginning at nine o'clock or later of all children under the age of fourteen—a move of some length in the right direction. The Manchester Watch Committee justifies its action on the score that "the picture palace is playing havoc with the eyes . . . of the young. Children are generally found in the cheap seats, those nearest the screen. From there the flicker is most marked and most injurious. Eyes are more susceptible to harmful influences in childhood than in manhood."

These are of course the very facts in its warnings against which *Modern Man* has had no companion. We are glad to have opened the eyes of the Manchester Watch Committee, among many other eyes, and to have made on its mind the impression which has inspired it to take this step for the protection of the eyesight of Manchester children.

The Committee is also of opinion that "the picture palace is playing havoc with the minds of the young," which is a puritanically one-sided statement, and far too sweeping, leaving out of consideration altogether the *per contra* aspect of the matter.

* * *

Another Antarctic Tragedy.

Two more victims of the craze for Polar exploration—one of them a grandly promising young English Fusilier and the other a Swiss savant, whose death will be an especial loss to the science of zoology. Lieutenant Ninnis—brave son of a brave father—and Dr. Mertz both dropped to a quick doom and a ready grave in a crevasse.

Of the doings of the expedition of which they were members we read: "Some very successful sledging expeditions were made." What of it? With this new sad intelligence before us of two more wasted lives, we ask again, of Polar exploration in general, is it worth while? In all ways, we are giving much for practically nothing.

* * *

The Oneness of the Empire.

On the motion of M. Lemieux, a French-Canadian and a former Postmaster-General of Canada, the Canadian Parliament has agreed to vote a sum of money as a practical expression of sympathy with the objects of the Scott Memorial Fund. The incident is a pleasing one, and of Imperial significance. "We are not divided, all one body we."

* * *

An action for £2,000 damages has been brought before the court in Paris by a young woman who declares that she contracted the germs of insanity when her *fiancé* kissed her. She must have been mad, too, to have allowed him to do it.

* * *

OUT FOR EFFECT.

SEND IN AS MANY FOOTBALL COUPONS AS YOU LIKE.

HONOUR OF THE VETERINARY PROFESSION.

To the Editor of *Modern Man*.

Sir,—As practising members of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons, we feel that we have a right to address a few remarks to you on the subject of your article last week on the "Abuse of Horse Ambulance Facilities," which we find has been widely read, within our respective districts, by horse owners as well as by other "vets."

Without pretending to have the least right to speak for anybody but ourselves, we are confident that members of our calling everywhere will be as keen as you are to condemn any such mean and paltry and cheating malpractices as those which you expose. We think that in justice to a numerous profession, and one with as high a code of honour as any other profession, you should have made a little more of the fact that you only accuse one member of it of charging his clients for the use of the ambulances freely and nobly provided by Our Dumb Friends' League, and of misrepresenting the rule and practice of the League; but otherwise we have nothing but thanks to offer you for turning your search-light on such a scandal.

Black sheep creep into every fold, and whoever this man is whom you have detected he is no more a fair sample of a "vet." than the Rev. Albert Knight is of a clergyman. If you like to put your facts before our College, you will find that there will be no attempt made to shield him. He cannot have sinned in ignorance, for every veterinary surgeon in London knows that the League ambulances are free.

You may not only hope that "no such malpractices are common," but rest perfectly assured that they are nothing of the sort. This declaration cannot be put too emphatically.

A. S. H. SKELTON, M.R.C.V.S., Leyton.
ALEX. A. WILSON, M.R.C.V.S., Limehouse.
W. W. SCALES, M.R.C.V.S., Vet. Surgeon to the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, Forest Gate.
GEO. FRANCIS BROWN, M.R.C.V.S., North London Vet.-Surgeon to Our Dumb Friends' League, Harringay.

[We thank these correspondents for their communication, and appreciate their evident approval of our action, which was inspired by a determination to show up the misdoings of one delinquent. As a body, the veterinary surgeons of London are far beyond the least suspicion of complicity.]

BALL ROOM CADS.

Exposure and a Suggestion.

During the last week or two the daily papers have b
all agog with the merits (or demerits) of the "Bunny Hu
and the "Turkey Trot." Chaperones with eyes uplifted
amazement have almost fainted outright at the crude
suggestive movements introduced into these rag-time dan

It is not my intention to criticise the decency or indece
of the various methods of gyration employed to-day in
terpsichorean art—sufficient for the day are the evils the
—but I should like to draw the attention of the dance
public to that pest of the ball-room—be it a "small
early" or a two-and-sixpenny affair, light refreshme
included—whom I have dubbed the ball-room cad.

Let me give you a pen-picture of this self-same gentlem
He is usually either insipidly handsome and good-looki
or remarkably big and burly, either of which attributes
considers are irresistible to girls. He is, to put it v
mildly, an out-and-out "bounder," whose one aim in
seems to be a desire to insidiously corrupt the minds
morals of the innocent young ingenue.

All along the line he is playing a low down game.
have been reading so much of late of the horrors of
"White Slave Traffic," yet on every hand we find, if
will but exert ourselves, these ball-room pests who are
their way equally as pernicious as any procurer.

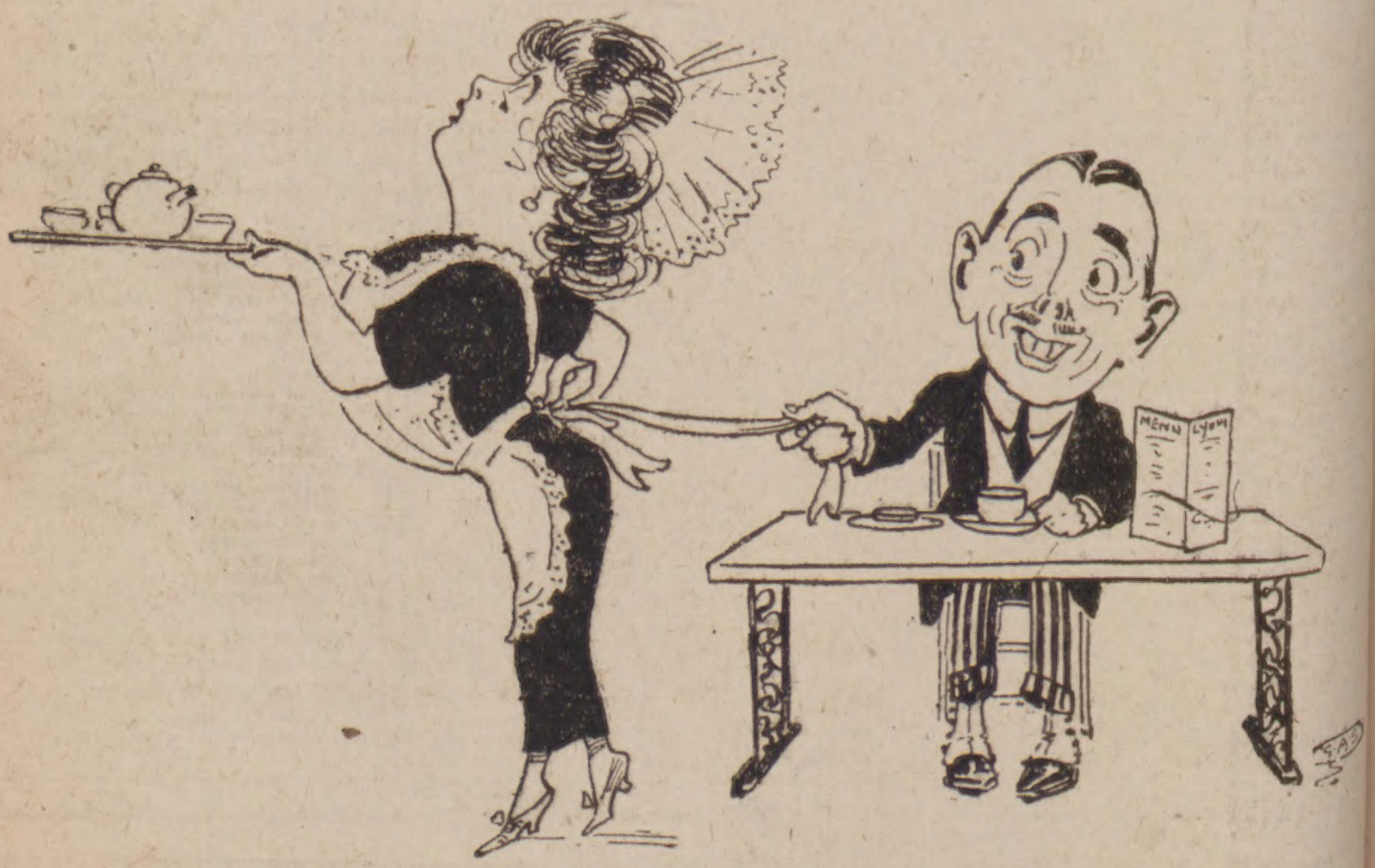
A case in point has caused me to take active measu
towards the expulsion of such carrion whenever possible.
a recent little dance given by a wholesale house to its
ployers and their friends, which I attended, I was parti
larly struck by two or three extra-special specimens of
ball-room bounder. I purposely watched their tactics.

Invariably they found the freshest and most ingenu
young girl in the room to whom they could get an introd
tion (this latter procedure, however, they very often omitt
and, with an assurance born of long years of steady practi
they rapidly and deliberately set to work to divest that
young girl of every shred of maidenly modesty.

Ball-room cads resemble nothing more than vultures
on the lurk to plunge their talons in the purity of
modest girl's mind.

Such men ought by common consent to be ousted
any assembly of whatever kind or rank. They are a bl
the escutcheon of our manhood. We have a censor of pl
Is not the time ripe for a censor for the ball-room of to-

THE FERRE



GOT HER BEHIND.

SEND FOR SOME "MODERN MAN" SHARES TO-DAY.

Bigger Prizes and More Time. Our Football Awards Again Increased.

The Premier Prize of £1 a DAY FOR LIFE

will be awarded to the person sending in all the correct forecasts for the League matches to be played on Saturday, March 29th. Just realise what this means, £7 a week is yours for putting your football skill to the supreme test. Do not fail to compete for this golden pension.

Even if you do not succeed in forecasting all the correct results, we give to the person sending in the coupon which is nearest correct ☞

£1 a week FOR TWO YEARS.

Newsagents' Award 10/- a week FOR TWO YEARS

This magnificent pension will be awarded to the newsagent or bookstall clerk whose name appears on the coupon which is successful in winning the £1 a day for life.

The coupon printed below will also appear in the next three issues dated March 15, 22 and 29. You can

SEND IN AS MANY COUPONS AS YOU LIKE

and they must reach our offices not later than first post on Friday, March 28. This competition allows ample time for all to compete, so I hope every one of my readers will take advantage of

THIS OPPORTUNITY OF A LIFETIME.

WHAT READERS HAVE TO DO.

On this page is given an entry form containing the names of football clubs engaged in matches on Saturday, March 29th, and for the prize of £1 a day for life you have to draw a line in ink through the name of the club you forecast will lose. Where you predict a draw leave in the names of both teams. To the reader from whom we receive an entrance form showing the correct results of the matches given in the coupon we will award £1 a day for life. In the event of no set of forecasts received representing the whole of the correct results, £1 a week for two years will be paid to the competitor whose effort is nearest to the correct results. Entry forms must be filled up in ink; erasion or alterations will disqualify the form; and in the event of a tie or ties, the prizes will be divided.

CONDITIONS GOVERNING THE COMPETITION.

(1) On the coupon appearing on this page you will find the names of teams playing in twenty matches on Saturday, March 29th. Cross out the names of the teams you predict will lose. Where you forecast a draw don't cross out either name.

(2) Having done this, fill in your name and address in the space provided, cut out the entrance form and send it addreseed to MODERN MAN, No. 19, Football Competition, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. The entrance form must reach us not later than first post on Friday, March 28th. Any arriving later will be disqualified.

(3) Readers can send in as many coupons as they like. No employee of the firm can enter the competition.

(4) The prize of £1 a day for life will be awarded to the competitor whose Entry Form represents the correct solutions of all the matches played, but if the whole of the twenty matches are not played the £1 a day for life prize will be reduced to one of £1 a week for life.

(5) In the event of no Entrance Form containing all correct solutions, £1 a week for two years will be paid to the sender of the Entrance Form nearest to the correct results.

(6) In the event of a tie, or ties, in this Competition, the prizes will be equally divided.

(7) No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for the loss or non-delivery of any effort, and evidence of posting will not be accepted as evidence of receipt.

(8) No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the competition, neither will interviews be granted.

(9) Any coupon on which any alteration of any description has been made or fictitious name given will be disqualified.

(10) Scottish readers who are domiciled in Scotland are precluded from entering this competition, and no coupon bearing a Scottish address can be accepted.

MODERN MAN FOOTBALL CONTEST.—No. 19.

Matches to be played on Saturday, March 29th. Cross out —in ink—the name of the team you forecast will *lose*. For a *draw* do not cross out either name.

BOLTON WANDERERS	v.	NOTTS COUNTY.
MANCHESTER CITY	v.	WEST BROMWICH ALBION.
SHEFFIELD UNITED	v.	MIDDLESBROUGH.
WOOLWICH ARSENAL	v.	SHEFFIELD WEDNESDAY.
BRISTOL CITY	v.	BIRMINGHAM.
CLAPTON ORIENT	v.	GRIMSBY TOWN.
GLOSSOP	v.	BURY.
HULL CITY	v.	FULHAM.
LEICESTER FOSSE	v.	BLACKPOOL.
LINCOLN CITY	v.	LEEDS CITY.
NOTTS FOREST	v.	HUDDERSFIELD TOWN.
STOCKPORT COUNTY	v.	WOLVERHAMPTON WAND'ERS.
WATFORD	v.	GILLINGHAM.
COVENTRY CITY	v.	NORTHAMPTON.
BRIGHTON	v.	QUEEN'S PARK RANGERS.
WEST HAM	v.	BRENTFORD.
EXETER CITY	v.	MILLWALL.
CRYSTAL PALACE	v.	READING.
MERTHYR TOWN	v.	NORWICH CITY.
PLYMOUTH ARGYLE	v.	SOUTHAMPTON.

I agree to abide by the conditions governing this Competition, and to accept as final the result published in *Modern Man*. I enter the Competition on this distinct understanding.

Signature.....

Address.....

Newsagent's Name.....

Address.....

SEND IN AS MANY COUPONS AS YOU LIKE.

EQUAL OPPORTUNITIES FOR ALL CLASSES.

JIM CHATTAWAY'S LUCK

THE ROMANCE OF AN ARISTOCRATIC WASTREL.

The Hon. Jim Chattaway, third and youngest son of the Earl of Littlelands, sat moodily in the Dagenham Club, fingering his last two pounds, and trying to make up his mind.

The Dagenham Club was a very different type of institution to what its rather grandiloquent title might lead one to imagine. Situated in a quiet street north of Piccadilly Circus, its imposing glass swing-doors gave admission to a large room fitted up after the fashion of a comfortable restaurant; but it was in a subterranean apartment, reached by a cunningly veiled flight of stairs, that the real business of the Dagenham Club was conducted.

A little Jew officiated at a tape machine in one corner, and read out the names of the "starters and jockeys" at different race meetings as they "came up." Seated at small tables all round the room, portly men made notes in pencil on large sheets of paper. From time to time men would stroll up and, with no attempt at concealment, put sums—of from a shilling upwards—into their hands.

Jim Chattaway took up an early edition of an evening paper, and began to study the form of the horses engaged in the Creswick Plate, that was just to be run. Then he got up, and strolling over to one of the "pencillers," produced the two coins already alluded to.

"Shiny William," he said, "a quid each way." He had conducted many such a transaction before; but never, perhaps, had one raised him to such a pitch of excitement. For, this time, if he won a few pounds, he meant to take the boldest step of his life—emigrate to Canada, and amid the hardships of an ordinary labourer, make a new man of himself. But if he lost, he wondered dully what he should do. His father had long ago washed his hands of him; and all his money was gone. If Shiny William went down, thought Jim, things would look very black for him.

The shrill voice of the little Jew at the tape-machine rose above the general chatter, announcing "Creswick Plate. Result." Jim craned forward to hear.

"Jovial Monk . . . . . Gaiety Girl . . . . . Little Ellen Colt." The high-pitched tones went on; and then stopped.

Shiny William was not in the first three.

Jim Chattaway got up, made his way through the throng of members, up the narrow staircase and out into the street. And as he did so, a bright idea struck him.

Abe Marks, the money-lender in Jermyn Street, had always seemed to have an abnormally soft spot in his naturally hard heart for him. Perhaps Abe would lend him twenty pounds or so with which to emigrate, on condition that the sum should be paid back with interest out of his earnings. At any rate, thought Jim, he would have a good try.

As he was nearing the corner of the narrow thoroughfare, the hoot of a motor-horn and a woman's startled cry roused him from his abstraction. A taxi-cab, dashing round the corner, was within a yard or so of a girl who stood in a state of terrified indecision in the roadway.

Chattaway darted forward like a flash, seized her round the waist, and swung her, panting with alarm, upon the pavement in the nick of time.

She was a very pretty girl; and to Jim's mind, the flush which excitement had brought to her cheeks, her laboured breathing, and a certain disorder of her hair all served to heighten the attraction of her appearance. He gazed at her with undisguised admiration.

"Oh, how can I thank you?" she cried. "In another instant I should have been knocked over, and ——"

She stopped, and shuddered.

"It was nothing," said Jim, smiling. "But it was a lucky thing that I was close enough to get to you in time. I fear," he added "that you are rather badly shaken."

He felt emboldened to take a step which he felt was characterised by a certain amount of audacity.

"Might I call on you," he asked, "to see how you progress?"

The girl glanced up at him quickly, but his face wore a look of such frank sincerity, that any momentary doubt she might have entertained was dispelled at once.

"I shall be delighted if you will," she answered readily, "and so will my father; for he will, I am sure, be anxious to thank you for what you did for me. Will you come to-morrow, say at mid-day? The name is Fewster, and the address 12, Lennox Gardens, Bayswater." Jim assented eagerly.

"And now," she continued, beckoning a taxi-cab, and then extending a neatly-gloved little hand to Jim, "Good-bye till to-morrow, and thank you again so much." She smiled bewitchingly, got into the taxi, and was whirled off.

"My hat!" thought Chattaway. "What a lovely girl!" And then another thought, hardly so pleasant, struck him. "She didn't even ask my name!"

And, mildly disquieted, he set his face towards Jermyn Street, and the office of Mr. Abe Marks.

Abe, a stout little man, with a rather loud taste in dress, ... no business in hand when Jim was announced. He was ... ing with his back to an electric radiator, and smoking a cig... The geniality of his appearance encourged his visitor, ... Chattaway made his request with some confidence.

It was misplaced, however. Shifting his cigar from side ... side with his teeth, Marks kept his gaze averted from ... face.

"It's impossible, I'm afraid," he said. "You see, you've ... longer any realisable security . . . . ."

Jim picked up his hat and stick, and rose to go. But ... other stayed him with an uplifted hand.

"Sit down again," he said, "I've got a suggestion to ... to you."

"It may not have struck you," Marks went on, "but ... an ambitious man. I want to be one of the nobs; and ... can help me. Now, this is my offer; and I'm sure you'll ad... that it's a generous one. I'll pay all your debts, give you ... 'thou' or two to go on with, and set you up in business ... an outside broker with offices in Pall Mall, if you'll ——"

"Yes?" enquired Jim, interested, but fearful that the ... dition would be a prohibitive one.

"If you'll marry my daughter," said Marks, calmly. "You ... got no money, but you're the son of Lord Littlelands, ... that's good enough for me. Well, now, is it Yes, or No?"

"I admit," he said, "that your offer is a very attract... one; but I'm afraid I can't entertain it." He picked up ... hat and stick again.

"Is that final?" asked Marks.

"Quite," said Jim.

"I'm sorry," answered the other. "Good evening!"

* * *

Miss Fewster was waiting for him in the drawing-ro... when Jim called at 12, Lennox Gardens at the appointed ... next day. She stretched out a cordial hand to him.

"Do sit down," she said; "my father is engaged in his st... with the Vicar. He is greatly interested in the local char... you know. But he won't be more than a minute or two."

Chattaway mentally gave the absent parent permission to ... as long as he liked.

"My father is a long time," she said at last. "I'll go ... fetch him." And she moved towards the door.

Chattaway started up.

"No, don't go," he exclaimed impulsively; and she blu... deeper than ever as she glided out.

"By jove!" thought Jim, "I've made an awful idio... myself; but really—(he smiled happily)—I do believe I ... have a bit of a chance!"

The door opened; and Jim started back in astonishment ... a corpulent figured entered.

"Hullo!" he ejaculated, "Marks! What are you d... here?" The other looked at him, gasped, and then raise... warning finger.

"S-s-sh!" he whispered. "Don't call me, Marks. Fewst... my real name. Dorrie—that's my daughter—wouldn't spea... me if she knew what I really am. She thinks I'm a st... broker, with a leaning towards philanthropy. She must... know the truth, either, for I'm just about to retire." Then he seized the other's hand and shook it warmly. "I ...

"I don't know how to thank you," he said. "I ... dreamed it was you."

"By the way," he continued. "Now you've seen my daugh... are you still of the same mind about my proposal of ... day?"

"By gad, no!" Jim almost shouted, "I'm on it like ... proverbial bird! But—do you think I stand a chance?"

The other patted him on the back reassuringly.

"My boy," he said, "you go in and win. After the ... she spoke of you yesterday I think you've a 6 to 1 on cha... Just you put it to Dorrie, and I'm sure it'll be all right."

As she returned he retired discreetly; and when Jim, ... a certain amount of hesitation, had tried his fortune, he ... to his great joy, that Mr. Fewster had not been mistaken.

The Bishop of Barking, speaking at Church House, W... minster, told of a dock labourer who once remarked to ... "We don't want toffs like you down here."

"He ain't no toff," promptly replied another worke... "he's the Bishop of Barking!"

* * *

"I'll tell you how to make money," said one stockbro... to another on the Stock Exchange.

"Buy thermometers now and sell 'em in the hot weath...

"Why then?"

"Because they are bound to go up!"

BIGGER PRIZES AND MORE TIME FOR FOOTBALL RESULTS.

TABLOID TOPICS.

Some Pithy Pen Points.

L.C.C. election poster: "Vote for —— and choose your own doctor." This sounds very much like a threat from an opponent.

* * *

A fashion note: "Coloured socks will be suspended during the coming spring."

* * *

The Oxford boat is being guarded against threatened attacks by Suffragettes. The latest cry is "Boats for women."

* * *

Fair women are said to be the most dangerous type. "Fair and faulty" is therefore an appropriate description.

* * *

"The Indian Mutiny" is being played at the New Princess Theatre. There will be the usual "charges."

* * *

Two American professors have invented a chair which makes sleep unnecessary. Americans can "lie" on chairs as well as beds.

* * *

The Suffragettes burnt down the Kew Tea Pavilion in the early hours of the morning. They were evidently determined to make their attack on the Q.T.—Pavilion.

* * *

The Chicago Council has issued an order that strap-hangers need not pay their fares. This is the result of passengers standing up for their rights.

* * *

A Twickenham character named Buss has been convicted of drunkenness for the hundreth time. "Full inside," as usual.

* * *

Mr. Granville Barker says that he has always been crying aloud for a repertory theatre. If he gives us a few more "tiers" we shall soon have a complete theatre.

* * *

The vicar of a Yorkshire parish says that he has a struggle to keep up appearances on £4 a week. He does not consider it a good "living."

* * *

The tower of the Valparaiso University, Indiana, was set on fire by a sparrow, which picked up a lighted cigarette in the street, and carried it to the belfry, where it ignited the straw in some old birds' nests. The cigarette habit *is* growing.

* * *

The *Home* Rule for Easter:—"Pass the Irish, Bill."

* * *

THE MOVABLE STEAK.

Butcher: "Rump steak's up again, mum."
Mrs. Brown: "Up again, is it! Well, Lor' knows where yer cuttin' it from now. The last I had was off the neck."

BEHIND THE FOOTLIGHTS.

Theatre Notes and Notions.

Fewer people than is generally supposed take but a nonchalant interest in politics these days that the success of "Trust the People," at the Garrick, does particular credit to Mr. Bourchier and the author, Mr. Stanley Houghton.

* * *

I am very glad indeed to see that Mr. Leslie Hughes is back at the Lyceum on duty with "Nell Gwynne" after his spell of ill-health.

* * *

"The Reaper's Dream" ballet, produced for Mlle. Lydia Kyasht's re-appearance at the Empire, is such an idyllic feast of beauty that I am somewhat up against it, so to speak, to find out what caused the impression of "something wanting."

* * *

I have decided that it is the over-shadowing of the individual art of Mlle. Kyasht and Miss Phyllis Bedells by a too-elaborate mise-en-scène. The numerical strength of the corps de ballet could with advantage have been reduced by one-third. Both rare faults—and on the generous side, be it noted.

"I'M TWENTY-ONE TO-DAY." JACK PLEASANTS AT THE PALLADIUM.

MLLE. KYASHT AT THE EMPIRE.

* * *

"Westward Ho!" with Mr. Matheson Lang and Miss Hutin Britton, is the most ambitious production yet staged by Mr. Gulliver for the Palladium matinees, if one may except Mr. Eustace Gray's minstrels now on tour.

* * *

Congratulations to Mr. Michael Faraday in that the King and Queen have seen and enjoyed "The Girl in the Taxi," at the Lyric.

* * *

Nevertheless we wish he would immediately cancel the sale of 5s. seats for 6s., which, the authenticated correspondence of a victim informs me, command an absolutely uninterrupted view of from seven to ten feet of one corner of the stage. I did not at first credit this. I am sorry to say, however, that it is quite true!

W.R.C.R.

BERT COOTE—"A LAMB ON WALL STREET."

TWO READERS DIVIDE THE PRIZE THIS WEEK.

OTHER PEOPLE'S INDISCRETIONS

AND THINGS WE HAVE HEARD.

Who is the very famous comedian who has so painstakingly spread abroad the exciting information that he writes both the words and music of his songs, but who in reality is responsible for neither? What is more, he is a deplorably slow "study"; and it is sometimes days and weeks before words or a melody can be hammered into him. (There is no prize offered for guessing the identity of this dazzling personage.)

* * *

We advise frequenters of the West End to be very careful from whom they purchase seats, stands, or windows, from which to view the Inter-'Varsity boat race.

* * *

We do this with our eye firmly directed on the activities of a well-dressed individual who is to be found in most of the fashionable music-halls and lounges. He has all sorts of engaging stories to tell. Sometimes he has secured a huge barge commanding a big view up and down stream; at others he is willing to let a window or windows in "my house on the Mall," for a certain sum—money down.

* * *

He has secured no barge and he possesses no house on the Mall. He is just an ordinary swindler.

* * *

Is not a high official at Scotland Yard to be warmly congratulated on his luck, in that he miraculously escaped having his name involved in a recent fashionable "gambling den" case?

* * *

Much is shouted aloud and written concerning the corruption existing in the United States Police. But there is just as much of it over here, from the *highest* ranks to the lowest.

* * *

For what reason did a man dress himself in a female nurse's costume, and entering a house in Ireland, request to be allowed to make some tea? Is there not far more than a little idiocy in the suggestion—generally advanced—that he was a Mormon agent? Is there not a much simpler and more probable explanation?

* * *

What are the attractions of the back room, kept by a dealer in men's "corsets" close to Savile Row, for the entertainment of his customers?

* * *

Would a Bond Street beauty specialist like certain of his lady clients to know how—and with whom—he spends his week-ends?

* * *

And would that worthy's wife be gratified—or otherwise—to learn the real meaning of the item "etceteras" on his ornate "accounts rendered"?

* * *

This is undoubtedly a neurotic age. The covert revelations of the effeminacy of poor young Eric Trevannion is a reminder that an age of progress breeds strange folk. In London we have a small band of very wealthy young men, whose money is more abundant than their morals.

* * *

They belong to a singular cult—that of the worship and imitation of the feminine. These "men-women" find their highest happiness in gathering at the luxurious flat of one of their number—a young aristocratic sprig whose father's name is a household word—and in that seclusion they disport themselves in female garments.

* * *

Rejoicing in the title of "The Sons of the Morning," these idle degenerates turn night into day, and drowse away the busy working hours in bed. The leader is known as "Ethel," and the rendezvous near the Great Central Station.

* * *

For some reason or other London has of late come to be a favourite gathering-place for freak religions. Just at present we are to be favoured with a visit from that most singular of all weird theological cults, "The Holy Rollers."

* * *

They hail from the land of Stars and Stripes, rotate like whirling Dervishes, and then fall wallowing and foaming on the floor of their conventicle.

* * *

This poetry of motion is supposed to coincide with spiritual exaltation, and is indisputably contagious.

Thus, after a meeting of the "Rollers" has wrapped itself in the silence necessary for a preparation of the soul, suddenly a grey-beard from way down South—for the home of this sect is in Carolina—will arise and imitate the movements of the spinning-top. And spurred into a sort of noble emulation, young and buxom sisters will also spring to their feet and gyrate with a breathless zeal that leaves the onlooker bewildered. Then with a blood-curdling scream the devotees collapse on the floor.

* * *

Their meeting place will be in the neighbourhood of Tottenham Court Road, and the advance guard is already on the high seas.

* * *

How much did a fat Jew in the early Hounslow-to-Waterloo train pay the little office-boy for a large bundle of addresses? Whose were these, and what did the purchaser want them for?

* * *

"Light Porter, Miss?"

Would it not be much wiser of the young stockbroker, at present unmarried, if he did not call so frequently at a flat in Mount Street, occupied by Captain ——?

* * *

The young girl there, with whom the City worthy is much *épris*, is not the gallant officer's niece, as she makes out. She used to be a barmaid at a place in the Haymarket which no longer exists.

* * *

Why did the barrister take the receiver off the telephone in his chambers where he was working late the other night? From whom did he anticipate a telephone call? And what was his reason for so obviously trying to avoid it?

* * *

Whose car was it that killed an old blind tramp's dog, close to Sandwich a day or two ago? Is not its owner rather an ignoble personage in view of the fact that he drove on, and made no sort of compensation to the helpless old creature?

* * *

Who is the wealthy foreigner who has a mania for purloining forks from the restaurants of first-class London hotels?

* * *

What was the *real* nature of the offence committed by the man who was recently charged with "loitering" on Putney Common? Did the prosperous-looking person who bailed him out give his real name? And was he really wise to mix himself up in such a case at all?

SEND IN AS MANY FOOTBALL COUPONS AS YOU LIKE.

OVERSEA WIT AND HUMOUR.

"I don't often dine away from home," confided a friend, "and when I do I am careful. But I had an experience at a restaurant the other night that was a new one to me, and that's why I'm handing it to you."

"When I entered the dining-room, somebody relieved me of my hat. When I left, I asked for that hat. The waiter said,

"'What kind of a hat was it, sir?'

"'A brand new one,' I replied truthfully and anxiously.

"'I'm afraid there's not much chance for you, sir,' grinned the menial. 'All the new hats have been gone for fifteen minutes at least!'"—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

* * *

Wife (two a.m.): And when did you first notice the change in your sick friend's condition?

Husband (absent-mindedly): After the fourth cocktail, m'dear!

* * *

Mr. Wylkyns: Did you give the cook a letter of recommendation when she left?

Mrs. Wylkyns: No. I asked her if she wanted one, and she said she could write a much better one herself.

* * *

"Do you know father's a retired man?" asked the charming lass.

"No," replied the love-smitten youth, in surprise. "But if that's the case, he might be able to help me financially, dearest."

"It is hardly possible that he can give you a help of any kind at present. I merely meant that it is eleven-thirty, and father has gone to bed."—*Stanford Chapparral.*

* * *

Salesman: These are our best spring matresses, madam.

Mrs. Youngbride: But haven't you any winter ones?

* * *

WELL VENTILATED.

He: "What would you call Nettie's dress?"
She: "Oh, that's the sort of dress that you've forgotten to put on at the last moment."

Sydney Bulletin.

HIS INSOLENCE.

Benno: "Skews me, guv'ner, is it whiskers or a motor-coat?"

* * *

"Buy a flower for your wife, sir?"

"Haven't one."

"Your sweetheart?"

"Haven't one."

"For your best girl, then."

"Haven't one."

"Since you're so lucky, then at least buy one for yourself."

* * *

THE DANGER OF WEAKENING.

"Did you ever say anything you were sorry for?"

"Only once," replied the politician, "when I publicly admitted I was sorry for something I had said."

* * *

Teacher: Arthur, I shall be obliged to detain you again to-day after school.

Arthur: Of course, you understand that if any gossip comes of your keeping me in every day you are responsible for it."

* * *

Mrs. Yeast: There's my friend, Mrs. Hiflier. She moves in the best society.

Mrs. Fussandfeather: Yes; I suppose she finds it cheaper to move than to pay rent.

* * *

NOTHING DOING.

"Pick up anything at the races to-day?"

"No; had my wife with me."

* * *

He (trying to do a mash): Er—excuse me, are you answering a matrimonial advertisement?

She (waiting for a friend): Well, hardly. But I did advertise for a puppy?—*Sydney Bulletin.*

SECURE SOME "MODERN MAN" SHARES WITHOUT DELAY.

THE LAST EIGHT.

Their Prospects on Saturday.

After the sensational manner in which Bradford stopped the further progress of Sheffield Wednesday in this season's competition for the cup, one hesitates to venture an opinion as to what is likely to happen next, but I am going to make so bold as to suggest that after next Saturday the "surprise" team will have no further interest beyond waiting to learn who Aston Villa are drawn against in the semi-final.

True, they played a great game in the last round, and from the accounts I have read of the match they thoroughly deserved to win, but I cannot help thinking that "Wednesday" took things too calmly and were so caught napping, and it is certain that the "Villa" will get to work in earnest from the kick-off.

Sunderland again have choice of ground, and will, of course, play at home, thereby strengthening their chance of making one of the last four, which on present form they should do; in fact, their chance of appearing at the Palace was never more rosy than it is this season, and should they eventually lift the cup it will certainly not be out of their turn. The nearest they have got to it was to reach the semi-final in 1895, when Aston Villa beat them 3—1, and it is within the bounds of possibility that they may meet at the same stage again this season. Therein lies the danger.

Were I compelled to witness one of the four games in this round, and given my choice, I should most certainly select the match between Blackburn and Burnley, which I anticipate will prove the most exciting of the lot. The Rovers are described as the best cup-fighting team that ever happened, and possibly they are, but Burnley also know a bit about the game and will run their hosts pretty close, though I do not anticipate them winning, rather do I think that Blackburn will get the best of a close thing.

Interesting League Games.

Everton had an easy task against Bristol Rovers, and never had to really extend themselves, but they have a vastly different proposition on hand this time, and it would not occasion me the least surprise were they to drop out of the competition at this stage.

It is somewhat curious to note that had not Everton and Oldham been engaged in a cup-tie they were due to meet on the ground of the former in an ordinary League match, so that the supporters of both clubs who are looking forward to their meeting next Saturday will not be disappointed, besides which they know that there is a similar treat in store.

Of the matches to be played for points, the most interesting in the First Division is that between Derby and Bolton, and it should be a pretty near thing between them, a draw being the most probable outcome. Tottenham are at home to Liverpool, and will put up a great struggle to secure the points that will make their position more secure than at present. It is no certainty for them to win, but they should at least hold their visitors, and thus share the honours.

This will be as much as Londoners can hope for from their first-class teams this week, as neither Chelsea or Woolwich appear to have much chance of bringing anything away from West Bromwich and Manchester City respectively. Notts County are at home, but this does not count for much when a team like Manchester United are the visitors, and I cannot but predict that they will be very much outplayed.

The Rangers' Hopes.

Only two Second Division matches have to be postponed on account of the ties, and of the remainder I shall vote for Barnsley, Birmingham, Fulham, Huddersfield and Leeds City to win on their own ground. A visiting team that may conceivably win is Preston North End, who do not have to meet a very formidable combination in Bury, and still another team to win on foreign soil should be Notts Forest, who are not likely to give anything away at Blackpool. Bristol and Lincoln may make a draw.

In the Southern League, Millwall should not experience a lot of difficulty in beating Bristol Rovers, and Northampton cannot have much doubt as to the outcome of their game with Exeter, which they should win fairly easily. Queen's Park have great hopes of strengthening their position at the top at the expense of Portsmouth, and they will probably do so. West Ham may win away from home, Gillingham being the victims, and Brighton, if not getting both points, ought to make a draw of it at Norwich.

MY NOTE BOOK.

"MODERN MAN'S" GOLDEN PENSION.

Even supposing readers are in the habit of turning to "My Notebook" first, the chances are a hundred to one—in fact, a thousand to one—that all have become acquainted with the latest offer in connection with the Football Competition.

Readers themselves were the first to suggest that more time should be allowed to send in coupons, and upon consideration it was felt that those writing had made out a good case and one well worthy of being entertained.

The alteration has been made, and, what is more, we have added another, and this one quite unsolicited.

Instead of £5 per week for life it is now £7 per week, £1 per day, and the other awards, as will be seen by reading page 1959 have also been increased.

Modern Man is determined to encourage its thousands of readers. Their favourite paper leads the way. It is a big jump from £5 per week to £7 per week, but the alteration is in a way which will highly please every one of our supporters eligible to test their knowledge of football.

The season is passing only too quickly, so that one and all should be up and doing. It will be of little avail later for anyone to say "I wish I had done so and so." Now's the time. As I remarked last week, strike while the iron is hot.

And keep on striking until you capture the pension that can be captured, and which will place you in an independent position for the remainder of your life. One coupon only one only may do it, but we do not bind you to any number. You can forward as many as you like and post as often as you like, provided the coupons are dispatched in time to reach our offices not later than a day before the matches are decided.

Modern Man has established a record. It is providing its readers opportunities beaten by none, and I know these opportunities are greatly appreciated.

Not a solitary reader should fail to send in a coupon or coupons. We want *all* our readers to participate in this great offer. Begin to-day.

* * *

CHIEFLY FOR NEW READERS.

For the benefit of supporters (many) in country and abroad this week I again print the prospectus in connection with my Co-operative Scheme. A number of readers who have written me do not seem to be quite clear on one or two points. Hence my decision to repeat the Prospectus. It will be found on page 1973, and I will leave it for readers themselves to decide, after carefully reading the Prospectus, what a really attractive speculation *Modern Man* shares are.

My scheme is a scheme for mutual benefit. I want as many as possible of my readers to have a proprietary interest in the publishing business in which they are interested. I do not confine my invitation to those with pounds to invest, but invite those with five shillings to come in. Read the Prospectus, judge for yourselves, and act without delay.

* * *

MORMONS AND THEIR ACTIVITY.

Correspondence has again reached me anent the activity of Mormons in different parts of the country. One righteously indignant lady who keeps an apartment house says:—

"A party who looked like a [illegible] called at my house last Wednesday morning, and asked if there were any rooms to let. I was rather untidy, so I sent my eighteen-year-old niece, Phœbe, to the door. Phœbe showed him a bedroom and a sitting-room, which he said suited him, and which he paid for in advance. But just after she had closed the door on him Phœbe told me that while she was showing him the rooms he had talked very politely to her, all about the 'Light' and 'Truth' and the Latter-Day Saints.'

"I knew what he was at once. There is a young fellow in our house who takes in *Modern Man*, and he showed me several articles about these Mormons in it. So I did not lose an instant, but ran out just as I was, and looked up and down the road. The party was about fifty yards away, but I ran after him, gave him back his money, and said I was sorry, but I had changed my mind, and could not accept him as a lodger. I have not set eyes on him since, and do not want to, either."

Mormonism *must* go. But more anon.

YOUR EDITOR.

PAGES 1959 AND 1973 SHOULD INTEREST EVERY READER.

THE MODERN MAN.

No. 33:

MR. JOHN LAWRIE.

Who hasn't heard of Whiteley's, the universal providers? It is quite safe to say very few, at least as far as our own country is concerned. Anything from a pin up to an elephant can be secured at this colossal emporuim, and the principal man behind the gun is the subject of the sketch given this week.

It is Mr. John Lawrie, whose fertile brain is ever at work in the interests of this gigantic commercial house. He succeeded the late founder as Managing Director of Wm. Whiteley's, Ltd., and his zealous efforts and determination have stamped him as a man who was bound to succeed in life. He is a shrewd Scot, and has been through the store business from the lowest to the highest rung of the ladder.

Some men have honours and positions thrust upon them, others have to win them, and it can certainly be said that Mr. Lawrie has richly deserved the success which has attended him at every stage of his career. His success has been a conspicuous one—the reward of indomitable perseverance and the knack of sticking at it.

A student of store methods, Mr. Lawrie possesses an international experience of store conduct.

He is always up-to-date and never at a loss to know what to do at the opportune moment.

He is a fine type of the Modern Man.

IF YOU LIKE "MODERN MAN," SECURE SHARES EARLY.

SOME NEWS FOR THE LADIES.

WHAT SHE MARRIED.

Some of the expedients resorted to by missionaries dealing with tongues with no spiritual or philosophical vocabulary are most extraordinary. A missionary in Rhodesia could get no nearer to the word "holy" than the phrase "meal very finely ground."

* * *

Queen Alexandra! God Bless Her!

Queen Alexandra! God bless her! Fifty years have nearly winged themselves away since there was given to Great Britain the "sea King's daughter from over the sea." The Princess Alexandra of Denmark came to this country as the betrothed of the Prince of Wales on March 7th, 1863, and she quickly captured the hearts of the people.

King Christian's daughter was married in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, where there had not been a Royal marriage for over seven hundred years, in the presence of the greatest of the land, and the honeymoon was spent at Osborne, in the Isle of Wight.

As Princess of Wales—a title which her Majesty held for thirty-eight years, a period longer than any other Princess of Wales— the Queen made her first public appearance a month after her marriage, at Covent Garden Theatre.

Nothing depicts the characteristics of illustrious personages so well as do anecdotes in which they play a conspicuous part; and to this rule Queen Alexandra is no exception. What could be prettier than the story which tells of her Majesty visiting one of her old friends in one of the cottages at Sandringham? The aged dame was busily knitting a stocking when her Royal visitor burst in upon her, and taking the stocking out of her hands, said, laughingly: "You can't do the heel as fast as I can." The Royal visitor completed the heel, but the stocking, instead of being worn again, was locked up by the aged dame as a priceless treasure, to be handed down as a heirloom to her descendants.

Queen Alexandra has many hobbies and pets. She has a very clever parrot that can hum all sorts of tunes, and every afternoon cries out "God Save the Queen!"

* * *

On the Stage.

It may not be generally known that it was during the reign of the second Charles that women first made their appearance on the stage.

An amusing story has been related of the time when men enacted the parts of women on the stage. On one occasion when the King had arrived, the play was not begun, which annoyed His Majesty, and he sent for the manager to inquire the cause of the delay.

The poor man lost no time in presenting himself at the Royal box, and thinking it best to tell the truth, he respectfully informed His Majesty that "the queen was not yet shaved," which so tickled the King as to furnish him with subject for jest during the rest of the evening.

* * *

Flirting.

It is the fashion now-a-days with many people to deplore the "forwardness" of girls of the present day, and to speak regretfully of the good old times when Chloe never ran after Strephon, and Thyrsis passionately entreated Sacharissa for favour on his knees. With all respect for those who ask dolefully why the old times were not as good as than the new, we venture to doubt whether the golden age they regret ever existed except in the imagination of poets.

To judge from Boccacio's tales, and Shakespeare transformed into modern English, young ladies were forward in those days to an extent that even the present day would deprecate.

Swift's advice to girls, to make cages rather than traps for the capture of lovers, is not out of date even in the present day; a man may escape the elaborately-spun and cunningly devised nets of many experienced spiders, and yet be willing to enter, and make his home for a life, in a pure and faithful heart.

Happy for him and for the woman he marries if she will never, by word or thought, reproach his wife for the fetters that made him unwittingly yield up his freedom! We venture to declare, that when a man has won the love of a pure and noble woman—

"Angels alone that soar above
Enjoy such liberty."

* * *

Laugh and Be Merry.

Men like the woman who laughs. There's something taking away from the fact. A woman of that disposition is bound to be a man good. She does anybody good, for that matter. It is certain no one wants a perpetual and meaningless grumbler and fault-maker as a companion.

But there is no doubt that a girl knows when to laugh, and when and when to show another graver, tenderer side of her character.

It is the ordinary, common-place routine of the day, however most of us make a wry face and a moan, that a laugh transforms by the magic of her laughter.

Everybody, men and women, like the cheerful, whole-souled woman who helps us on our way.

* * *

WHAT HE MARRIED.—*Judge.*

OUR PENSION SCHEME SHOULD ALSO APPEAL TO LADI

EMPRESS EUDOXIA.

ROYAL AND NOBLE LOVE AFFAIRS.

No. 3:

THE CONVENT LIAISON OF THE EMPRESS EUDOXIA, WIFE OF "PETER THE GREAT."

THE REAL CHARACTER OF "PETER THE GREAT."

[illegible] the Tsar and his people are about to celebrate the [illegible] anniversary of the establishment upon the [illegible] throne of the Romanoff family. The celebration [illegible] days; and on the 5th of March, when the Tsar and [illegible] are assembled for the solemn requiem service [illegible] cathedral of Saints Peter and Paul, the prayers [illegible] interpolated by the recital "in stentorian tones," of [illegible] of all the dead and gone Romanoffs. Well, if anything [illegible] to remind the people of Russia how little [illegible] the Romanoffs, it would surely be this recital of [illegible]. Students of Romanoff history who hear these [illegible] will, we should think, do an involuntary shudder [illegible] of at least a score of them. It is no exaggeration [illegible] a more contemptible lot of buffoons, lunatics, and [illegible]rers than those represented upon the Romanoff roll could [illegible] be put together by the ablest chronicler of Royal black-[illegible].

Debauched in Youth by His Own Sister.

[illegible] produced no really great man amongst [illegible] [illegible] of the Tsars was "Peter the Great." Most [illegible] recollection of the outlines of this [illegible] details, that is, as are fit for school children. [illegible] of the foullest figures in Romanoff [illegible] crime or abomination which cannot be placed with [illegible] of the greatest of the Romanoffs? Peter came [illegible] in whom the moral perceptions were of the most [illegible] eccentric character. He was the only son of the [illegible] by his second wife. When Alexis died, at the age [illegible], his eldest son, Theodore, ascended the throne, but [illegible] of the Romanoffs, was a hopeless degenerate, [illegible] his young brother Peter was ten years old. [illegible] Theodore and Peter [illegible] brother, Ivan, [illegible] passed over [illegible] the succession, owing to his being [illegible] degenerate than Theodore. He was blind and deaf, [illegible] terrible convulsions of the kind from which [illegible]. However, this generation of the Romanoffs [illegible] strong character, the Princess Sophia, whose sym-[illegible]ere with her afflicted brother Ivan, and as she had [illegible] up of the children, she laid herself out to ruin [illegible] the start, by early plunging him into every kind [illegible] and debauchery, in order that he might make himself [illegible] to his people that they would be glad to depose [illegible] other brother Ivan to the Throne.

[illegible] Sophia was peculiarly successful, but, unfortu-[illegible]nately, she went too far. She devised a plot [illegible] destruction of her brother Peter, who was to be butchered [illegible] and in the plot an excuse to banish his sister to a [illegible] in Siberia, and to send all her adherents to exile. Peter [illegible] to the deepest depths of infamy. His nights [illegible] with the scum of Moscow. Baron Pollnitz tells us [illegible] never passed a single day without being the worse for [illegible] no village carousal or fair was complete without the [illegible] Royal [illegible]outh, who with impunity demanded the loan [illegible] whom he saw as his mistress for the hour. [illegible] affront brought out the hereditary savagery of [illegible], and Peter's record of barbarity during his teens [illegible] to make the blood curdle. Once, when a young [illegible] to drain the cup of neat brandy which he placed [illegible] gave her two violent blows upon her cheeks, [illegible] "Hebrew spawn, I'll teach thee to obey!"

Peter's Subtlety in Shaming His Wife.

[illegible] all his wicked sister's efforts to render him incap-[illegible]. Peter, as if in defiance of Fate, grew up a [illegible]. He was tall and imposing in appearance, nimble [illegible] a plump, round face, and curly brown hair. He [illegible] features, and was, when sober, a most companion-[illegible]ality. Voltaire thus describes him: "He gave a polish to his people, and was himself a savage; he taught them the art of war, of which he was himself ignorant; from the sight of a small boat on the River Moskwa he erected a powerful fleet; made himself an expert shipwright, sailor, pilot, and commander; he changed the manners, customs, and laws of the Russians, and he lives in their memory as the father of his country." In the efforts to rescue Peter from the debased existence to which he had been too carefully reared, Peter's mother selected for him as a bride a refined and beautiful girl named Eudoxia Frederowna Lappchin. Peter was but seventeen years old when he stood at the altar by the side of the fair Eudoxia, and, as Peter came drunk to the ceremony, his wife recoiled from him the first moment of her wedded life. Of her sensitiveness in the marital relation Peter, of course, had no sort of understanding. He was nightly the companion of the most sluttish associates of the common soldiers of the Moscow garrison.

The lower the sink the more it appealed to the coarse nature of the young monarch. Instead of endeavouring to win the love of his wife, Peter no sooner saw the loathing with which she regarded him than he laid himself out to torture her pure soul with every specie of insult and abomination. He compelled her even to witness his shameless amours with one of her maids.

The Young King's Awakening.

But these exhibitions of her husband's debauchery were but the premonitions of worse things to come. It was not enough that Peter daily hurled the foullest epithets at her inoffensive head—he must offer her the keenest insult within the scope of his gross brain, by introducing to his wife's presence the ugliest women of his choice, in order that every impulse of delicacy within her might be shocked. Needless to say, Peter soon conceived a violent hatred of his wife, and the time came when they lived in different parts of the palace, and Peter had grown tired of the amusement of shocking his own wife. Eventually, as all the world knows, Peter awoke from the slough of debauchery into which he had sunk. The man awoke with him. As in a vision, he suddenly saw that Russia was asleep. Not that his moral perceptions underwent any change. He was still the associate of the lowest of mankind—and womankind!—but he realised that his people were sunk in ignorance, and despised by the rest of Europe, and this fact sufficiently awakened within the Monarch the ambition to lift his country from its lethargy.

He had been at war with Turkey—a war, however, which had taught him how little his countrymen were entitled to rank in civilisation with the rest of Europe. So Peter conceived a daring plan. He left Russia, and came West. Arrived in Amsterdam, he engaged a small room and went forth as a common ship's carpenter. He had determined to learn the secrets of life, and at first hand—and he learnt them!

"Compensation Not Far Off."

When the day's work was done Peter the Great, dressed in the coarse red shirt and duck trousers of a Dutch labourer, went off to the drink shop with the rest of the skippers, and was the loudest and most boisterous at all their carousals. For nine months Peter continued his "education" in Holland; then he came to London, to be the toughest of the beer-swillers at a notorious tavern in Great Tower Street, where night after night Peter might be seen in the company of an old harridan from the Fleet Ditch, and one or two wenches of less hideous appearance, who were soon completely intoxicated, and lost to all sense of the proprieties in his cheerful company. During this period of red riot in London Peter never once wrote to Eudoxia in Moscow. All this time, however, Eudoxia knew of her husband's depths of infamy in Holland and London. The representatives of Russia in Amsterdam and London kept her informed of the doings of Peter amongst the Cockney larrikins and strumpets, but nothing daunted Eudoxia in her determination to preserve her own name from reproach to the bitter end.

SEND IN AS MANY FOOTBALL COUPONS AS YOU LIKE.

When at last Peter determined to return to Russia he did so by way of Vienna, where he was sumptuously treated by the Emperor, and great festivities were prepared in his honour. These, however, were suddenly interrupted by the outbreak of a rebellion in Moscow, at the instigation of that arch-conspirator, Sophia, who was determined to take advantage of Peter's absence to get her brother Ivan on the Throne. On arriving in Moscow, however, Peter found that the rebellion had been ably suppressed by the Scottish General Gordon, and in his punishment of the ringleaders Peter proceeded to show the length of barbarism to which a Romanoff can go. Peter was a positive master of subtle murder. One of his favourite amusements was having a few score of people put under the knout, just out of the sheer delight of witnessing their sufferings. He took a peculiar interest in "death scenes," and ordered executions for the sheer pleasure of seeing heads struck off. Whenever Peter had a brain storm, it was to the headsman that he went for solace! "A sort of convulsion seized him, which often for hours threw him into the most distressing condition. His body was violently contorted; his face distorted with horrible grimaces; and he was further subject to paroxysms of rage; during which it was almost certain death to approach him! A brain storm coming on during a banquet, Peter suddenly ordered the execution of twenty strelitzes, emptying as many glasses of brandy between the successive strokes, and challenging the Prussian envoy to repeat the feat!"

Wife Cast Into a Twenty Year Exile.

It need scarcely be said that Peter's wife looked forward to his return from Vienna with the utmost apprehension. So far she had some compensation for her wretched marriage in the fact that Peter's mother, Nathalie, was her friend, and many of the Empress Eudoxia's relatives were about her in the palace.

It was, therefore, almost the culminating misfortune when Empress Nathalie died, and Eudoxia's last powerful friend had been removed. Peter no sooner found himself unthwarted by the presence of his mother than he proceeded to make his wife's life impossible. He put one of her brothers to the whip, and publicly, in order that his wife's disgrace should be as obvious as possible to the people; Eudoxia's father was sent to Siberia; and all her other relatives were dismissed the Court, and treated with great harshness. Another of Eudoxia's brothers was put to the torture, over which Peter himself came to gloat, and, in a very paean of frenzy, himself assisted to increase the victim's sufferings by pouring spirits of wine over him, and then applying the torch to the body. Whether Peter suffered from occasional pangs of conscience, and felt that he had forfeited every possible right to the respect of his beautiful wife, it is impossible to say, but his hatred of his wife grew to such a pitch, that at last he could not even brook the fact of her continued existence under the same roof as himself. Having arrived at this decision, Peter ordered a coach to drive up to the palace, and there and then, with his usual brutality, he ordered his wife to be brought instanter to the entrance, and himself bundled her into the carriage, and told the driver to take her to the Convent of the Blessed Virgin, where the door closed upon "a living grave," for the next twenty years!

Rebuff for the Stricken Empress.

Peter, by this time, was hated with all the power of bell, book, and candle by the Church, owing to his curtailment of its customs and prerogatives, so that it might have been supposed that Eudoxia within the quiet retreat of the nuns might at least have found peace. But Peter just then took advantage of the death of the Patriarch of the Church to abolish that office, and to make himself supreme head of the ecclesiastical body. The convents, therefore came under Peter's immediate rule, and he at once gave orders at the House of the Blessed Virgin that his wife was to be treated as meanly as the humblest nun in the establishment. At once the Empress Eudoxia's name was changed to "Sister Helen;" every attribute of Royalty was carefully taken from her, and the meanest tasks in the convent were given her to perform. She was even starved into a condition of pitiable abjectness. Then it was that the Almighty himself seems to have come to her relief.

In the neighbourhood of the convent there was a garrison of soldiers. Among the officers of the garrison was a Major Gleboff, and he was known to the Empress-Nun, for he had had something to do with her removal from Moscow. In his secret heart Major Gleboff cherished a great love for the stricken wife of Peter the Great, and when he learnt of the contumely with which she was treated in the Convent he made efforts to go to her escape. It was a letter from Eudoxia to one of her still-living brothers asking for meat and drink to prevent her death from starvation which finally brought the Major to the very window of her cell. Instant death would have been his portion had discovery followed, but love can face even instant death, and Major Gleboff "took the risk." In response to his entreaty the Empress admitted the Major to the chill apartment. Round her shrunken form the Major wrapped warm furs, beneath these he placed a bottle of good wine, with food and a few luxuries, which could be easily concealed. Under the circumstances, love for Major Gleboff sprang spontaneously to the Royal nun's heart, and ere long the pair abandoned themselves to their happiness, ready to face the worst, be it death in its bitterest forms, so long as they died together.

It was unfortunate, perhaps, that Major Gleboff [illegible] a married man. But it made no difference to the love [illegible] She felt that he was the one man created by God to [illegible] ness to her soul. For him she was ready to die any[illegible] anyhow. Her letters to the Major are eloquent of [illegible] single passion. "Where thy heart is, dearest one, [illegible] to him, "there mine is also! Where thy tongue is, [illegible] head! Thy will is also mine!"

Peter Marries His Scullerymaid.

Ere long, Major Gleboff's wife began to learn of [illegible] between her husband and the ex-Empress. Natura[illegible] began to find himself in a difficult position. [illegible] lightened by the fact that one day the decree of div[illegible] at the Convent from the Tsar, who, strangely enou[illegible] so far, heard a whisper about the pure Eudoxia's [illegible] Gleboff, and he had had to divorce his Empress [illegible] ground that she was "the puppet of the priests [illegible] opposed him in all his schemes. Curious was it [illegible] convinced was Peter of the impossibility of his [illegible] "doing wrong," that he never troubled to obtain [illegible] of the usual character, supposing, it is natural to i[illegible] any such effort would prove fruitless. Anyway, Pe[illegible] had at last met the woman of his choice. She was [illegible] able Catherine, a loose-tongued scullery-maid from [illegible] had been taken prisoner in the war, and had become a [illegible] in the service of the Menschikoff family, when the [illegible] first set eyes upon her. He cracked her a coarse j[illegible] answered him back in his own coin. This, then, was [illegible] for Peter. So poor Eudoxia was divorced, and [illegible] was free to marry the man of her choice, that Gleboff [illegible] came an object of terror to both of them. Ere long [illegible] visits to the Convent became few and far between, [illegible] almost daily recipient of letters breathing the [illegible] despairing passion from the heart-broken Eudoxia.

Despairing ex-Empress's Appeal to Her Lo[illegible]

"My light, my soul, my joy," she wrote in one [illegible] note, "has the cruel hour of separation come at last [illegible] light, how can I live apart from thee? How c[illegible] existence? Rather would I see my soul parted from [illegible] God alone knows how dear thou art to me! Why d[illegible] so much? My adored one, without thee life is worth [illegible] art thou angry with me! Why, my batioushka, d[illegible] come to me? Have pity upon me, Oh! my lord, [illegible] see me to-morrow. O, my world, my dearest and [illegible] me, and do not let me die of grief!"

Letter after letter followed the troubled Major [illegible] all breathing the same deep and soul-stirring pas[illegible] these letters were eventually discovered must now be [illegible] the Tsar's son Alexis was brought to a mock trial [illegible] his father's life, Peter turned naturally to the boy's [illegible] proof of her complicity in the plot. In the hope [illegible] Eudoxia guilty he was disappointed, but what [illegible] was the secret *affaire* between Eudoxia and Major [illegible] the first whispers which reached the vengeful monar[illegible] nuns and servants were at once put to the torture [illegible] extract the truth. Sufficient of the latter was [illegible] a descent upon the Major's private papers, where [illegible] missives in the handwritting of the Nun-Empress were [illegible] labelled "The Letters of the Tsarina." Every one of [illegible] told of sweet embraces and delicious hours by night [illegible] in the convent were asleep, save the Major and the [illegible] loved him.

Terrible Revenge Upon Eudoxia.

Every missive breathed just that passion which [illegible] never vouchsafed to the Tsar. Consequently her [illegible] was prompt. It was not enough that under [illegible] some of the nuns had died while their confessions [illegible] extracted from them. It was not enough that [illegible] had died after being cruelly impaled for twenty-fou[illegible] ing which he suffered the most awful agony, in ord[illegible] which Peter had him wrapped in warm furs to pro[illegible] the inclement weather. For twenty years Eudoxia [illegible] "living grave" in the Convent of the Blessed Vir[illegible] she was dragged into the market-place, bared to t[illegible] in the presence of thousands, lashed until she was [illegible] But not quite. Death, thought Peter the Great, [illegible] kind" a fate for her. So he threw her into a conve[illegible] had to endure even greater hardships than were [illegible] Blessed Virgin, and after seven years of misery [illegible] her to be taken away and thrown into a rat-infest[illegible] dungeon in the fortress of Schlussenberg, where [illegible] another two years of the most unmentionable horro[illegible]

* * *

With the death of Catherine and Peter the Gre[illegible] grandson, Peter II., came to the throne, and [illegible] more restored to her Imperial dignity. But th[illegible] outrage and misery had killed her spirit, and she [illegible] months later—perhaps the most notable example [illegible] of the world of the axiom that "Uneasy Lies th[illegible] Wears a Crown!"

ANOTHER AMAZING STORY WILL BE GIVEN NE[illegible]
ORDER YOUR "MODERN MAN" EARLY AND A[illegible]
DISAPPOINTMENT.

"MODERN MAN" SHARES ARE AN ATTRACTIVE SPECULA[illegible]

AFTER MANY YEARS.

Sequel to an Inventor's Despondency.

The experience of Bertram Drake was by no means unique. ...had spent the years between twenty and thirty in per... ...ing a torpedo which he believed would be more efficient ...anything known.

...is friends at first had laughed at his foible, supposing ...he would outgrow it. Then at the expiration of a year ...wo they had observed that he was becoming extremely ...his means and his time being wholly expended upon ...great work, and one by one, his friends had dropped ...from him.

...imes even he himself felt that he had wasted his ...

...hen with the realisation of his great hope came a terrific ...tion. The torpedo was so obviously good that it might ...ccepted by Government, and he must consequently ...e a fortune out of it.

...one night a heavy packing case was delivered at his ...ings. With feverish hands he prised up the lid and ...d his torpedo.

...ere was no letter, either accompanying or inside the ...but none seemed to him necessary. His invention ...as he feared, been rejected, and the friends who had ...hed at him were right after all.

...te that night he called at the shop of a chemist whom ...had sometimes patronised. The chemist was an old ...with keen, penetrating eyes, and when Drake asked ...for a bottle of deadly acid he made no remark, but ...nished and handed it to him.

...returned to his room, and, hugging his torpedo to ...he placed the phial to his lips. There was not, ...ed expected, any burning sensation as the liquid ...ed down his throat. He could not in fact observe any ...diate effects, expect that he felt a kind of numbness ...ing over his limbs.

...esently his eyes failed to distinguish the objects about ...his head dropped forward on his chest and all became ...

...ext morning the landlady knocked at the door of Drake's ...but received no reply.

...e was not a little astonished at this, for during the ...two weeks he had always been up early in the morning, ...ing to know whether any letters had come for him.

...his morning she had a letter, and, thumping once more ...the door, she shouted that it was eight o'clock and ...tter had just arrived, and with that she pushed the ...lope underneath the door.

...Drake's room everything was still. The torpedo had ...en from his arms and lay on the floor.

...rake himself sat in exactly the same position as on the ...ious evening. Presently the sunlight had an extra... ...ary effect upon the man in the chair.

...st he lifted a hand wearily to his forehead, then he ...ed his eyes and looked about the room. In a moment ...recollected the facts of his position, and inwardly cursed ...them: ...who had made up a draught that was ineffectual.

...more there came a knocking at his door, and, looking ...that ...: ...direction, he observed that beneath it was a ...

...ithout enthusiasm he opened the message and read:

..."Dear Sir,—I must regret that some mistake appears ...to have been made concerning the return of the model ...torpedo which you recently submitted for examination. ...My advisers have carefully examined your torpedo and ...have come to the conclusion that it would be of con... ...derable use to the Navy. I have therefore the pleasure ...of informing you that I am prepared to pay you ...£20... ...for all rights connected with your invention.

"Yours truly,

"FLEETMOUTH,

"First Lord of the Admiralty."

...rriedly writing an acceptance of the Government ...Drake set off for the shop of the old chemist.

...Then the old man had finished reading the letter Drake ...had... ...inventor taxed him concerning the inefficacy ...of... ...on he had purchased the night before.

..."My dear sir," said the chemist, "when people come ...and order poisons, it is my invariable practice ...to... ...ning, but to supply them with a harmless sleeping ...draught which, combined with the slumber it induces, will ...bring... ...to a saner view of life."

...ke said nothing, but grasped his hand.

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THE MANUFACTURE OF ASSASSINS.

How London Anarchist Clubs "Work."

For a cash consideration, a day or two ago I was taken for a tour through some of the Anarchists' clubs of the East End, and my guide's comments on our police regulations and our supposed knowledge of what foreigners do and think when in our midst was decidedly illuminating.

Planning a Minister's Death.

The chief Anarchist clubs of the East End are in the neighbourhood of the Commercial Road, Jubilee Street, and the adjoining roads. They are usually spoken of as "libraries," and a few greasy volumes may be displayed in a small window to give colour to this idea. Others are held in the basement of small eating-houses, and the "brothers" meet in a dim cellar amid an impossible odour of cooking.

It was at one of these latter that the poor Spanish Prime Minister was calmly ordered to be "removed" some weeks ago, and the assassin upon whom the "lot" fell, calmly departed from Charing Cross amid the good-wishes of his *confrères*, as if he was starting on a trip to the Riviera. The casting of the lot was in this wise.

It should be understood that personally the "brothers"—seventeen garlic-eating, long-haired, vermin-bitten gentlemen who had been expelled from the land of their birth—had nothing against the amiable gentleman who did much for poor Spain. But . . . he was "an enemy to the Cause," as the chairman explained, while the Brothers nodded approvingly, "and therefore it was advisable to remove him." The seventeen sticks of fate were served out after the last drops of red wine had been licked feverishly from the glasses—funds were unfortunately too low for more to be obtained—and lo! the lot fell upon a young man who had but recently joined and was hot to prove his zeal.

He was earnestly congratulated, and then the Brothers grew animated on the choice topic of "removals, and how to execute them neatly." Having fixed up a plan, and raised some cash from a rich sympathiser, the budding assassin departed as mentioned, and soon executed his red vengeance.

Are the Police too Indolent?

It is a fact that the C.I.D. of Scotland Yard were warned that the plot against the late Spanish Premier was being hatched in London, and a few very perfunctory inquiries were made. But nothing came of them, and so the murderer departed from London on his errand almost openly. And other plots have been and are matured in dark cellars in Soho, Saffron Hill, [illegible] and other haunts of the low-browed "Brothers."

The Governments of Spain, France and Russia complain very sharply of this, but up to the present nothing has been done in the way of routing out rodents and stopping up the rats' holes. And it has come to a pretty pass when there is openly circulated among the foreigners of London an inflammatory rag, called Yiddish, a purely Anarchist paper that contained an article in a recent issue upon the "Martyr" who succeeded in "removing" the Spanish Premier.

Truly we are a wonderful nation!

A LESSON IN FARMING.

An old farmer, wishing his son to have a better education than he himself had, sent him to college. He soon got with a wild set, and was constantly writing home for money.

The farmer got tired of it, and sent for him to come home.

"But, father," the son objected, "we didn't learn anything at college!"

"What did you learn, then?" asked the farmer.

"Oh, French and Latin, and lots of other things."

"What's the Latin for cart, my son?" asked the farmer.

"Cartibus, father."

"What is the Latin for manure?"

"Manuribus, father."

"Well, then, if you don't forkibus some of that manuribus up into that cartibus pretty quickibus, I'll set about your wretched backibus."

WINNERS OF OUR FOOTBALL PRIZES.

No. 17 FOOTBALL COMPETITION.

In connection with our No. 17 Football Competition readers succeeded in giving fifteen correct results of the matches played, and therefore divide the amount per week for two years. The fortunate persons are:

TOM MINSHULL,
3, HOLLY STREET, BLACKBURN.

E. V. KEMP,
282, FOLESHILL ROAD, COVENTRY.

STARTLING REDUCTIONS

DIRECT FROM FACTORY

MARVELLOUS BARGAINS.

OPPORTUNITIES FOR KEEN CYCLE BUYERS.

This is an unique opportunity for you to secure the "finest-it-is-possible-to-build" cycles at positively startling reductions. You can save shopkeepers' profit by sending your order **direct** to our factory and buying 1913, Gold Medal, "**Quadrants**" at **Wholesale Trade Price.**

1913, GOLD MEDAL,

QUADRANTS,

from £3 12s. Cash.

WITH TEN YEARS' WARRANTY.

Here's astounding cycle value. **We only charge £3 12s. cash,** for our "Popular" Model listed at £6 15s. and sold in shops at **full** list price. Our superb "Standard" Model (List Price and Shop Price, £9 15s.), supplied **direct** for only £6 9s. 3d. cash, or 7/10 deposit and 18 monthly payments of 7/10. We fit **DUNLOP TYRES, 3-SPEED GEARS, BROOKS' SADDLES,** etc., etc. "Quadrants" are built at Coventry, by skilled cycle engineers, in an up-to-date Factory replete with every conceivable aid to perfect production that money can procure. We spare no expense to manufacture cycles that will not only maintain, but **add** to the world-wide "Quadrant" reputation for Quality. For sound construction, perfect finish, luxury of equipment, lasting wear and easy running qualities, you can only compare a "Quadrant" with—a "Quadrant" Their indisputable superiority **over all other makes** has been testified by the nobility and aristocracy, high dignitaries of the church, and many eminent officers of the Navy and Army. We will willingly send a magnificent 1913, Gold Medal, "Quadrant," on **ten days' free approval.** If cycle, after inspection, does not give you fullest satisfaction, return it and receive your deposit back **in full.** We give a ten years' warranty and guarantee **perfect** satisfaction. **Write for Free Art Lists.**

THOUSANDS OF TESTIMONIALS.

THE QUADRANT CYCLE Co., LTD.,
(DEPT No. 26), COVENTRY.

ART LISTS FREE

From £5 A MONTH.

Readers Sale or Exchange

Advts. are inserted under this heading at the rate of 1d. per word, and should be accompanied by remittance to the Advt. Manager, Modern Man House, Farringdon Street, London.

Shavers! Shaving revolutionised. Write for artistic catalogue. Razors free. Investigate latest [illegible]. Warranted Cutlery Co., 101, Rosehill Road, Burnley. Established 30 years.

Gramophone De Luxe. [illegible] pendale cabinet, [illegible] wheels, with records. Elliott, 96, Guildford Square, London.

Tall people are attractive. Why send 2s., with size of boots. Invisible Elevators. Testimonials. Hill, 19, Leicester.

Simple, harmless, guaranteed method that darkens grey in 3d.; secret, 1s. 1d.—C. [illegible] Road, Birmingham.

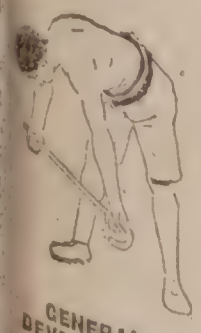
Gent's Cycle (unsoiled) [illegible] Archer 3-speed, £4 [illegible] Box 860, "Modern Man," Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Why be Short? By adopting my system you can put inches on height in three months. Orders [illegible] tus. No medicines. Fee retained. Send two P.O. particulars, to Professor [illegible] North End Chambers, Croydon.

NEVER MISS AN OPPORTUNITY. SEND FOR "MODERN MAN" SIX

RAPID PHYSICAL CULTURE.

By Our Expert.



GENERAL DEVELOPMENT.

The exercise I put before you this week will help to develop a variety of muscles, including those of the legs and hips, and the chest, shoulders and abdomen.

You will need a walking-stick with this exercise. Grasp the stick with both hands, about 18 inches apart, and let it rest against the thighs, the feet being separated and the body erect.

Raise the stick smartly overhead, at the same time taking a step to the left foot, and throwing the chest out and the ...eat with the left ...ead back.

...ow bend the body forward and to the right, bringing the ...ick down until it touches the front of the right shin as ...r below the knee as possible. ...Force the body well round to the right as you bend, and ...s far round as you can without shifting the position ...e legs.

... the stick overhead once more and straighten the ... ... draw back the left foot and drop the hands to ... position.

... this exercise ten times, and then go through the ... again, twisting to the left and advancing the right ... repeat this also ten times.

...oncerning Colour.

A man may be a thorough sportsman and an ardent ...hysical culturist and yet have a face as white as a girl. ... he is not happy.

... a good colour, health is the first consideration; ... ...erse, he already has that.

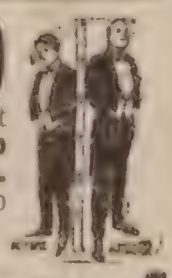
... man with a white face is lacking is good blood. ... ... blood eat plenty of food and take plenty of exercise ... digest it and assimilate it; also be careful in the ... of your drinking, avoiding whisky for a time and ...ing to malt liquors.

...combine this with open windows to your bedrooms and a ...y outlook on life, and your colour will soon be as high ...you want it.

Capital Drink.

... full supply of good food is an absolute necessity in ...building up of muscle, but it is not generally realised ... we also need a large amount of air and plenty of water. ...Drink at least three glassfuls of pure, cold water each ...preferably one in the morning, another at mid-day, and ...third at night.

HEIGHT INCREASED



By adopting my simple system you can put inches on to your height in three months. **No apparatus. No Medicines. Ordinary habits retained.** Send two penny stamps for particulars to PROFESSOR PROWSE, 3, North End Chambers, Croydon.

Other Men's Estimation of You

...ends very largely upon the strength of your Will-Power and Personality. ... St. Settef Course of Will-Culture" (Entered at Stationers' Hall) ...dy teacher how to develop your Will-Power and Personality, your ...ntration, Self-Reliance, Self-Control, and Personal Magnetism ... present strength in a few months. Your face and bearing will ...increased Strength of Character. **You will rise in the estimation of ...men you meet.** The fee for the whole Course (four absorbingly interest- ...lessons) is £1 (abroad 6d. extra). **This is your total expenditure.** ...sent in plain sealed package. Enrol to-day. Next week will see ...you delighted with your progress.

ST. SETTEF INSTITUTE (Dept. M), PERTH, N.B.

The Editor and the P.C. Expert of "Modern Man" recommend "The St. Settef Course."

HEIGHT INCREASED.

If you are under forty, I can increase your height by from two to three inches within three months, by means of my special exercises. No appliances, no drugs, no special diet. Send three penny stamps for particulars of my system.

ARTHUR GIRVAN

(Specialist in the Increase of Height), Dept. M 17, Stroud Green Rd., London, N.

MAMMON MEMS.

How £39 was made into £68 5s. in 5 weeks.

Yes! he was lucky, certainly lucky; same time he deserved his luck, he earned it

Just turned sixteen, he got his first billet last June with a stockbroker on the American rail market, ten shillings a week to start. The Governor soon noticed that Frank was all right—he was in to time mornings, did not have his hat on first stroke of the clock evenings, letters copied clean and no splodging, stamp book always balanced, understood instructions quickly, and carried them out accurately.

One morning Frank found on his desk an important letter which he should have posted the night before. Easy to pop it into the post pillar and say nothing about it, but that meant mess somewhere. He had a bad ten minutes with himself, but stepped into the private office and told what had happened. "Well Frank," said the governor, "you're a straight man to come and tell me. I can fix this affair straight away with a wire, but I'm glad you told me the letter missed. I've noticed you, and you'll draw fifteen shillings, Saturdays, now."

This meant £39 screw, and Frank thought it "good biz," but, like Oliver Twist, he wanted more. His opportunity soon came.

Towards the end of September the lady typist gave notice—getting married November. Frank applied for the job. "But," said the Governor, "you don't write shorthand, do you?" "No, but I can learn." "Yes, but not in the time sonny. I want my letters attended to first November, not Christmas twelvemonth." "I'll do eighty words a minute by first November, and a hundred and twenty by Christmas." The Governor looked at him with a twinkle in his eye. "Well Frank, I think you're biting off a bigger lump than you can chew, but I like the way you have got on here. You have a try, and if you can do the work reasonably well by first November, you can have Miss N's seat and salary. I'll not be too stiff with you at first."

This meant the difference between £39 and £68 5s., and Frank thought he knew how to manage it. His game was the Sloan-Duployan system, the New-Rapid method of high-speed shorthand tuition. The only question was the time—only five weeks to run, did not know a stroke of shorthand, and he was pledged to eighty words a minute to secure the job. Lunch time he got along to the Holborn College, and saw Mr. Hatchard the Principal, told him of the chance, the time limit and the required speed. Mr. Hatchard told him the thing could be done, had been done, and was being done daily. The Sloan-Duployan system did the trick, provided the pupil did what he was set to do by the College.

So Frank booked on and sailed into the New-Rapid with heart and soul. End of October Miss N. left, and next morning Frank tackled his first dictation from the Governor. It was a nervous time for Frank, but the Governor went slow at first, until he found his new typist waiting on him, and then brisked up faster, and found Frank still there. The next teazer was the reading off the notes, but Frank came through all right, except one word where he got curled up a bit.

"Good," says the Governor. "You do all right. Write those out as well as you have read them, and draw your twenty-seven and sixpence. You write a very decent hand; but pity you can't type." "I'm at that, too, sir, and by Christmas I'll be able to type all the letters."

This is how money was almost doubled in five weeks, and whether it is a youngster, boy or girl, just starting in business, or whether it is a grown-up, a knowledge of shorthand is an asset, an addition to one's usefulness, to one's value.

A practical working knowledge of it is available at small cost of time and money, and the lad in the Provinces has it as easily to his hand as the London pupil, who can attend at the College. Mr. Hatchard's admirable system of teaching the Sloan-Duployan System by correspondence is daily producing the same rapid proficiency in Provincial pupils as it is in the London classes, but of that let him speak himself.

A note to Mr. Hatchard, Shorthand Association, 303, Holborn Hall, London, W.C., will bring all particulars, and in the meantime "Modern Man" has performed a pleasing duty in drawing the attention of its many and widely spread readers to this new, novel, and wonderful system.

WE OFFER YOU £1 A DAY FOR LIFE. SEE PAGE 1959.

STOCKS AND SHARES

BY "ORTHOS," THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

The Home Railway Market has been in a much more cheerful mood the last two or three days.

* * *

The market remains without apprehension about the outcome of the trouble that has arisen over the dismissal of the guard on the Midland Railway. Another favourable factor will be the traffic returns that will commence to compare with the coal strike period of 1912.

* * *

Midland Deferred and Great Northern Deferred have been the favourites as the stocks show a return of over 5 per cent. on present prices.

* * *

South Eastern Deferred are also cheap at about 63.

* * *

Americans have been in a very unsettled state during the past week, but prices are now above the worst, and readers desirous of securing American Rail Road Stock should buy at once, as in some cases prices are the lowest touched for the past three years.

* * *

Eries are an excellent pickup at 27 to 28 for a 2 or 3 point rise.

* * *

Rock Islands are also a good pickup at 22 to 22½, and Union Pacifics, which regularly pay a 10 per cent. dividend, are certainly very cheap at 159 dollars.

* * *

Trunk Stocks have been receiving a considerable amount of attention, the Third Prefs. especially enjoying good support. The public are beginning to realise the attractiveness of this stock as a good investment lockup.

* * *

All my readers are well aware of the revolutionary trouble in Mexico, but all the same you will remember my advising you to purchase Mexican Railway Ordinary at about 50. Those who buy round about this price cannot help seeing a very substantial return for their money. I look for the price to be nearer 60 in April next.

* * *

Mining markets have been very idle with little business doing either way. Prices are so low that the bears are afraid to make a move, and on the other hand the public are standing aloof from buying.

* * *

Chartereds have been poor market, and about one of the only bright spots among Rhodesians is my old friend Exploring Lands and Minerals. The shares of the Company are well worth buying for a 2s. or 3s. rise.

* * *

Among Nigerian, Ropps still continue to change hands freely, but otherwise little business is doing among tin shares.

* * *

We may shortly expect the report of the Malayan Tin Dredging for February, which I understand will be distinctly good, and a good rise in the price of the shares can be looked for.

* * *

The West African Market is too quiet a one for the speculator who is looking for a quick profit, but the Ashanti Gold Fields, Gold Coast Amalgamated and Broomassie shares are certainly cheap to hold for a substantial rise that is bound to come directly the speculator turns his attention to this market again.

* * *

The shares of the Casey Cobalt and Cobalt Townsite Silver have been slightly lower for the past week, but the last cable received from the Cobalt Townsite is quite up to the standard.

* * *

The brightest market for the past week has been Oils. Here we find Spies well to the front with a rise of 1s. per share, Premier Oil and Pipe Line are better on ... received stating that the well Fortuna has commenced ... oil, and judging by the present flow production will be ... about 40 tons per day. Another factor that is bound to influence this market is that the price of oil has again ...

* * *

About the only small priced share in this ... my readers' attention is the North Caucasian ... present price about 2s. 6d.

* * *

Many of the small price investment issues among ... have been freely bidden for and taken at slightly ... prices during the past week, and among the leading ... lative counters Linggis have been much more ... Anglo Malay and Valambrosa have been quoted ... better.

* * *

BRIEF REPLIES.

Baron.—I should not like to advise investors to buy shares in the company you mention in your letter.

S.E., Dulwich.—Do not sell your Chartereds, they are bound to go higher again in price, and there is no truth in the rumour that the Company is requiring more capital.

J.R.W., Norwood.—Hold your Exploring Lands, as I look for the shares to go to about 8s. or 9s. Do not have anything to do with Oils, but you can safely buy Rayfields £1 Shares at about 2½.

Brown, Macclesfield.—Casey Cobalt are a good gamble, but you would do better in buying Cobalt Townsite. The best Oil you among Oils is Spies Petroleum, and as this market looks better you should get in at once.

Novice, Lincoln.—Do not have anything to do with the ... me about.

Small Investor.—The Prospectus of the Bowerman's Press is on the opposite page, so you should fill up the application number of Shares you require. Dolok Rubber are a good small priced shares in this market.

E.H., Manchester.—If you want to spend your £50 in Nigerians you should split it up among Nigerian Northern Bauchi.

THE FINANCIAL EDITOR WILL BE PLEASED TO ANSWER ENQUIRY BY POST ON RECEIPT OF P.O. FOR SIXPENCE. BY WIRE, ONE SHILLING.

A.B.C. GUIDE TO STOCK EXCHANGE
(44th Edition, 1913).
Stock Exchange Operations thoroughly explained. ... Options. How to open an account with limited risk ... to avoid Broker's Commissions. Contains Highest ... Lowest Sales for last 10 years. Gratis from Publishers
FARROW, GRAHAM & CO.
44, BANK STREET, MANCHESTER.

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Hapgoods' Organisation is a Brain Market, a market for ... Ability. If you have a Special Knowledge or Aptitude ... to occupy a Responsible Position in any capacity—if you ... which is above the Average, and you want to market ... best advantage—write us to day for details of our service.
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New at 25 per cent. Discount. Send for Catalogues (free) ... state wants.
BOOKS SENT ON APPROVAL. BOOKS PURCHASED.
W. & G. FOYLE, 121 & 123, Charing Cross Rd., 'Phone: 8180 Gerrard.

When replying to Advertisements please mention "Modern Man."

SECURE SOME MODERN MAN SHARES WITHOUT DELAY

A copy of this Prospectus has been filed with the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies.

BOWERMAN'S PRESS, LIMITED.

INCORPORATED UNDER THE COMPANIES (CONSOLIDATION) ACT, 1908.

Share Capital - £25,000

ivided into 460,000 Ten per cent. Participating Ordinary Shares of 1/- each and 40,000 Deferred Shares of 1/- each.

sue of 460,000 Ten Per cent. Participating Ordinary Shares now offered for Subscription at par Payable in full, 1/- per Share on Application.

The Participating Ordinary Shares now being issued will be entitled to a fixed dividend of 10 per cent. per annum and is dividend will rank both as to capital and dividends in priority to the Deferred Shares, and after £500 of the profits have en distributed to the Deferred Shareholders the remaining profits of the Company will be equally divided between the dinary Shareholders and the Deferred Shareholders. It is intended to pay dividends half-yearly on the 1st March and 1st of ptember. The dividend in respect of the half-year to June 30th will be payable on September 1st, 1913, and will be lculated from the due date the shares were applied for.

Thirty-nine thousand nine hundred and two of the Deferred Shares of 1/- each have already been issued and Forty-five OR debentures of £100 each, making a total value of £4,500.

ARY GODFRY BOWERMAN, Esq. (Chairman and Managing Director), Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.
GEORGE BOWERMAN, Esq., Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. (Advertising Director).
G. DAVID MAGIN, Esq., Sunnyholme, Devonshire Road, Forest Hill (Circulation Manager).

Bankers.
PARR'S BANK, Limited, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

Auditors.
JOHN BARRINGTON & Co., 45, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.

Secretary & Registered Offices,
Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

he Company was originally formed as a printing and publishing business for the purpose of acquiring the copyright and dwill of the well-known topical illustrated weekly newspaper ODERN MAN," and the monthly fashion book known as OWERMAN'S FASHIONS DRESSMAKER" and CATALOGUE OF

MODERN MAN" has been established over four years, and rapid increase in circulation in the past six months clearly nstrates how highly the public appreciate the many improvemts that have been made in the paper. The circulation for the th of December, 1912, shows an increase of 49,799 copies over month of June, 1912.

BOWERMAN'S DRESSMAKER" was first published in April, , and has proved a great success. It is original in many ice to the many thousands who make their own clothes. The lation steadily increases month by month.

The revenue derived from the publications for the past twelve ths amount to £5,688 17s. 5d.

he chief object of the present issue is to adopt the beneficial ciple of giving the readers, newsagents, and others connected the publications an opportunity of acquiring a proprietary reet, and thereby of furthering the progress of the papers as as of sharing in the profits.

large proportion of the new Capital will be expended in rtising your papers, and by this means the Directors believe can still further increase the circulation of "MODERN ," during the next twelvemonth by another 75,000 copies per and "BOWERMAN'S DRESSMAKER" by another 50,000 per issue. This extra circulation would bring a much e advertisement revenue into the paper.

following is an estimate of the profits which may be ted to result from the extra circulation and advertisee revenue to the Company:—

Basis of the present cost of printing and paper	£6,100	0	0		
Extra advertisement revenue	4,520	0	0		
	£10,620	0	0		
Additional office expenses and commissions	1,000	0	0		
				£9,620	0	0
Amount required to pay 10 per cent. on 460,000 Ordinary Shares now to be issued	£2,300	0	0		
Amount agreed to be paid on the Deferred Shares	500	0	0		
				£2,800	0	0
Leaving the sum of				£6,820	0	0

WHICH WOULD BE MORE THAN SUFFICIENT TO PAY A FURTHER DIVIDEND OF TEN PER CENT. ON THE ORDINARY SHARES AND A SIMILAR AMOUNT TO THE DEFERRED SHARES AND TO PROVIDE £2,000 FOR RESERVE.

To avoid disappointment you are requested to apply at once for the number of shares you require. Preference will be given to readers, newsagents, and others interested in the publications. Not less than five shares will be allotted to any one person.

No cash has been paid to any promoters, and the vendors take no cash consideration.

Applications for shares should be made at once on the form printed below, and forwarded to the Secretary of the Company, together with a remittance for the full amount of the shares applied for.

Cheques should be made payable to Bowerman's Press, Limited, or bearer. If in any case the number of shares allotted be less than those applied for the surplus will be returned in full.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application can be obtained at the Registered Offices of the Company, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London.

Dated January 24th, 1913.

BOWERMAN'S PRESS, LIMITED.

Incorporated under the Companies (Consolidation) Act, 1908.

Form of Application for Shares.

To the Directors of BOWERMAN'S PRESS, LIMITED.

GENTLEMEN,

I enclose herewith the sum of £..... being payment in full for .... 10 per cent. Participating Ordinary Shares of 1s. each in the above Company. I hereby apply for and request you to allot to me that number of shares, and I hereby agree to accept the same or any less number which may be allotted to me upon the terms of the Company's Prospectus filed with the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies, and the Memorandum and Articles of Association of the Company, and I authorise you to place my name on the Register of Members of the Company as the holder of such shares allotted to me.

Name in full .....

Mr., Mrs., or Miss .....

Address .....

Description .....

Usual Signature .....

Date ..... 1913.

AN OPPORTUNITY WHICH SHOULD NOT BE MISSED.

ROUND THE RING.

Boxers and their Doings.

Frank Klaus, the Pitsburg "Bearcat," and Billy Papke, the "Thunderbolt" from Illinois, are down to box for the world's middleweight championship on Wednesday this week, the contest taking place at the Cirque de Paris. We rather fancy we shall hear a loud howl of indignation from Eddie McGorty should the winner of Wednesday's fight fancy himself the owner of the mundane title.

* * *

Freddy Welsh is crowding on full steam for the last few weeks he will be with us. He met Young Nipper on Friday, to-night he meets Vittel in Sheffield, and on Thursday he will box Eddie Beattie at Liverpool. Three contests in six days! Freddie evidently means to clean 'em all up before he goes.

* * *

Billy Wells met with a fine reception on his arrival in America, his old friends being glad to renew their acquaintances with the gentlemanly Bombardier. He has not yet fixed up with Luther McCarthy, but he will probably meet Gunboat Smith in his first contest.

* * *

A boxing tournament was held recently in the Market Hall, Pembroke, where Freddie Welsh gave an exhibition, and much amusement, rather than annoyance, was caused by the Mayor (? Meyer) refusing at the last moment to hand over the keys of the court room, through which was the entrance to the gallery. However, a ladder was procured and placed outside, and the gallery "b'hoys" in high glee clambered up one by one. Necessity is indeed the mother of invention.

CYCLE MEMS.

A sales manager, asked why his firm did not produce an all-black model for all-the-year-round use, suggested that, compared side by side with a fully-plated model it might appear mediocre, especially in the eyes of a novice buying his first mount.

There is a certain amount of truth in this, and discussing the subject with a friend the point was raised: Why not have the bright parts of a machine silver-plated? The cost would only be an extra pound or so, and as everybody knows silver, however badly tarnished, can be restored to its pristine brilliancy in a very short time with plate powder, whilst nickel, when once it has become "frosty," is hopeless.

* * *

A propos of my remarks re paraffin carburetters for motor-cycles, I am in a position to state that within the next few weeks good news may be expected.

* * *

I hear that applications from ladies to compete in this year's T.T. races have been made—and refused.

* * *

The N.S.U. Cycle Company are placing in the market models of their 2-speed and free engine gears. This should prove an especial boon to solo riders, as hitherto the position of the control has made changing gears a somewhat risky proceeding.

GOLF NOTES.

Foursomes are increasing in popularity, to judge from the arrangements for this season.

* * *

The next three months will see several foursome tournaments, including the London, the Midland professional, the P.G.A. £350, and the Sunningdale v. Woking match.

* * *

The last of the series will be the P.G.A. £350 competition, final stages, which will take place on the Deal links (with the Suffragettes' permission) on May 20th, 21st, and 22nd.

Mention of the Suffragettes reminds me that that writers at Lloyds' are nothing if not up-to-date. open to insure links against damage by the militant for women" advocates.

* * *

Amongst other news from Birmingham, I am that the Parks Committee have consulted expert upon a scheme for providing a municipal course.

TURF NEWS.

The more I study the Lincoln cap, the more firmly convinced become that one of my original s —Spanish Prince or Uncle P prove successful. A week or I mentioned that of the top divi "Prince" was easily the best capped, as he undoubtedly is; a sure of him going to the post fit I should not look elsewhere for the winner. I cann ever, trace that he has been doing any work, and not tend to inspire confidence, so that for the time least I must fall back on "Uncle," to my mind handicapped of the lot, and an equally good thing absence of Mr. Joel's horse, who will surely not s unless he is thoroughly fit to race.

So far as Mr. Faber's horse is concerned, there no question on the score of fitness, as he has been along to some purpose for some time past; and more, I am told that he is in condition to race at the time.

So far as the "National" is concerned, the absence of Axle Pin gives the race a worse aspect and it will be as well to await developments before ing to speculate; in fact, it may be as well to the day of the race. You may have to take a shot about anything you may fancy, but better that of a run for your money than rushing in blindly present time. Above all, beware of the alleged both races.

Appended are this week's selections:—

DERBY, Monday.

Derbyshire Handicap Steeplechase: Long W

Tuesday.

Devonshire Maiden Hurdle Race: Grammont.

GATWICK, Wednesday.

International Hurdle Race: Growler.

Thursday.

Tantivy Steeplechase: Balscadden.

HAYDOCK PARK, Wednesday.

Golborne Maiden Hurdle Race: Salamis.

Thursday.

Newton Maiden Steeplechase: Braemar.

HURST PARK, Friday.

Stanley Handicap Steeplechase: Distaff.

Saturday.

New Century Steeplechase: Ballyhist.

HOOTON PARK, Friday.

Hooton Park Hurdle Race: Himan.

Saturday.

Great Cheshire Steeplechase: Moonstruck.

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EVERY READER SHOULD HAVE A PROPRIETARY INTER

THE OUTER MAN.

By CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

Plush ties in grey, green, purple and brown will be "the thing" this summer.

* * *

There is one drawback to these plush ties—they are only suitable for wear with a wing collar. It is not advisable to attempt to tie one on a double collar.

* * *

And, while I think of it, I have a little tip for the man who does not seem to hit off the right colour in ties.

* * *

He should endeavour to match the colour of his eyes. Try it, when next buying a tie, and note the result.

* * *

How do you wear your bowler? To be absolutely correct, you should wear it fair and square, tilted neither back nor front, left or right.

* * *

There is, to my mind, nothing more attractive than the slight, hardly perceptible tilt to one side or the other—but don't overdo it.

* * *

Above all things, guard against carelessness in dress. A few days ago I met a man in a railway carriage, and he was wearing his bowler hat back to front.

* * *

I suppose it was pure carelessness. He had originally put it on the wrong way, the hat had settled itself to the shape of his head, and he was evidently too lazy to correct it.

* * *

The coming season will see the decrease in popularity of, if not the disappearance of, the belted overcoat.

* * *

This is to be regretted, for the belt gave just that finishing touch which made the blanket overcoat "a thing of joy."

* * *

When choosing a warm overcoat, you should bear in mind that a thick one is not necessarily the warmest.

* * *

If the cloth is loosely woven, the cold air will penetrate it, so choose one which is tightly woven.

* * *

Some really smart boots are on view just now. A particularly smart one is that of patent leather, with mottled black and brown uppers.

* * *

Of course, spats should not be worn with this style of boot, and care should be taken that the uppers do not get muddy.

* * *

I view with pleasure the growing tendency to dispense with the tall choker collar so popular with our ancestors.

* * *

The present fashion of low collars with rounded corners are the essence of neatness.

* * *

The ever-deepening vest opening gives scope for broad-ended ties of delicate patterns, and these, with the low collars mentioned above, are *très comfortables*.

* * *

By the way. A glove hint. Before putting on a new pair of kids, place them between the folds of a damp towel for an hour, when they will be found much easier to put on.

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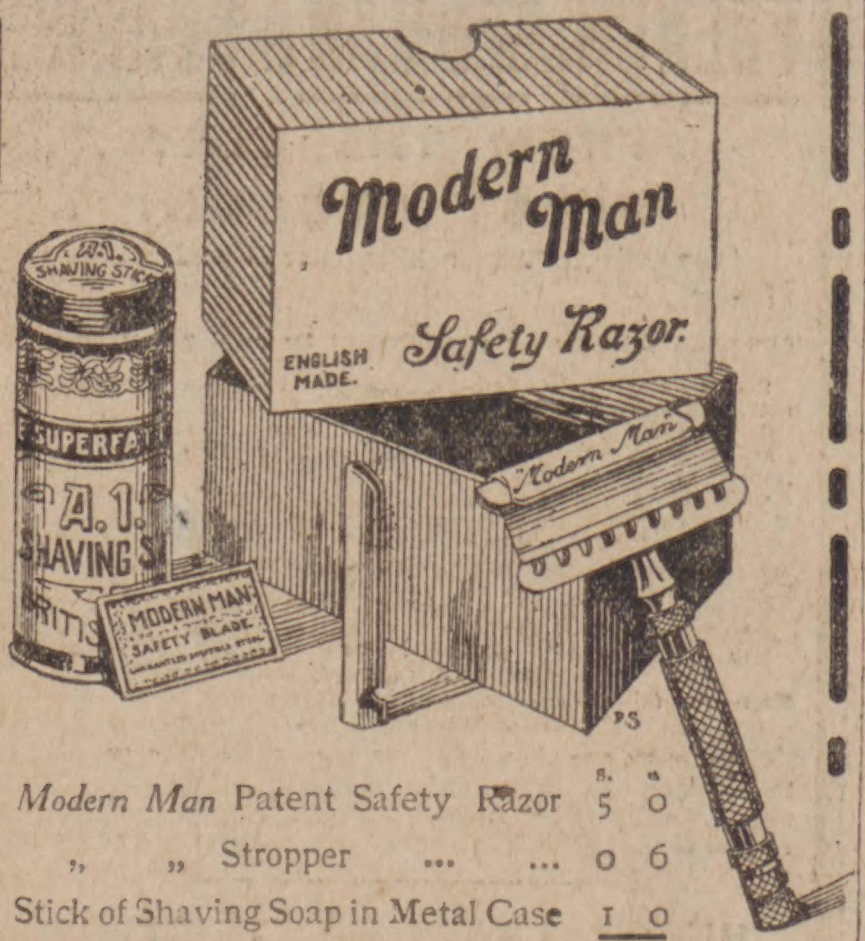

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